THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For APRIL, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-fourth Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

Several Literary notices were forwarded to us at too late a period of the month to be introduced into the present Number.

J. Forman *need not be told, that it is usual to pay the postage of such inclosures as his.*

Junius Alter *might possibly obtain admission into the columns of a newspaper. We adhere to the resolution which we have often expressed, of keeping aloof from political discussion.*

Lavinia, a Tale, *is much too* prosing *for our poetical department.*

M.'s Biographical Anecdote *is deficient in one quality only, but, in our old-fashioned opinion, an essential one, we mean,* truth.

Had Castigator *borne in mind the homely proverb, that "charity should begin at home," he would not have displayed the same defects in himself, which he so kindly undertakes to cure in others.*

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 132.)

MISS EVE. The fate of Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey has often been lamented.

Miss *K.* Banks wrote a tragedy on the latter, entitled *The Innocent Usurper*, or *the Death of Lady Jane Grey*, 1694; and Rowe published another, dated 1715. Banks also wrote *The Island Queens,* or *the Death of Mary Queen of Scotland,* a tragedy, 1684.

Miss *Eve.* I have, among a collection of songs, an old ballad on Lady Jane Grey; in one part, where the unfortunate young lady is represented going to execution, it says,—

She did go unto the block,
Sweetly praying in her book;
In her face was seen no woe,
But she did wish for angels' wings,
To see the golden, golden, golden
Sight of heavenly things.

Miss *K.* Here is a short account of her death:—About an hour after the decapitation of her husband, Lord Guildford, whose headless body she saw brought from execution, the lieutenant of the Tower led this noble and excellent young lady, who was only seventeen, to a scaffold erected opposite to the White Tower, where she was attended by Dr. Feckenham; but without paying any regard to his discourses, she kept her eyes fixed on a small book of prayers which she held in her hand. After a short recollection, she saluted those who were present with a composed countenance; then, addressing herself to Dr. Feckenham, she said, "God will abundantly requite you, good sir, for your humanity to me; though your discourses give me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death." She then made a plain and short speech to the spectators; after which, kneeling, she repeated the *Miserere* in English: then rising, she gave her two women her gloves and handkerchief, and her prayer-book to the lieutenant of the Tower. In

untying her gown, the executioner offered to assist her; but she desired him to let her alone, and turning to her women, they undressed her, and gave her a handkerchief to bind over her eyes. The executioner then kneeling, desired her pardon, to which she answered, "Most willingly." The handkerchief being bound close over her eyes, she began to feel for the block, and being guided to it by one of the spectators, she stretched forward, and crying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" her head was instantly separated from her body at one stroke.

Miss *Eve.* I think Mary Queen of Scots was buried in Westminster Abbey?

Miss *K.* She was beheaded at Fotheringhay castle, February 8, 1587, and buried in the cathedral at Peterborough; but her remains were afterwards removed by her son, King James I. to Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

Miss *Eve.* How old was this princess?

Miss *K.* She was born in 1542, crowned at Stirling 1543, and was consequently 44 years old at the time of her death. Robertson observes, that, "to all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible; polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity: sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious."

In another place the same historian says, "she possessed the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of the age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate. Her stature was of a height that rose to majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace; her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill."—"No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration, or will read her history without sorrow."

Miss *Eve.* The other *Island Queen* also gained much admiration.

Miss *K.* Smollet says, that "in her conversation she was masculine, tall, straight, and strong-limbed, with a high, round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair. She danced with great agility; her voice was strong and shrill; she understood music, played upon several instruments, possessed an excellent memory, understood the dead and living languages, had made a good proficiency in the sciences, and was well read in history. Her conversation was sprightly and agreeable, her judgment solid, her apprehension acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible." She is said to have died broken-hearted for the loss of her favourite, the Earl of Essex. In one of the plays named after that nobleman, the Countess of Essex thus describes her husband to the jealous Elizabeth:—

Aye, in his person there you sum up all;
Ah! loveliest queen, did you e'er see the like?
The limbs of Mars and awful front of Jove,
With such an harmony of parts as puts
To blush the beauties of his daughter, Venus:
A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
And Michael Angelo to frame a statue
To be ador'd through all the wond'ring world!

Miss *Eve.* This seems to be a parody of the passage in Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, beginning,

Now look upon this picture, and on this.

By the bye, I think that Michael Angelo has, in many of his designs which I have seen, "overstepped the modesty of nature."

Miss *K.* Yes; he was very extravagant in his attitudes, too ostentatious of his skill in anatomy, and often foreshortened his figures to excess; but he was the most sublime designer among the moderns.

Miss *Eve.* I have somewhere read, that fairies were of the Roman Catholic religion, and that they have not appeared in this country since the Reformation.

Miss *K.* This notion you have acquired from a humorous old song written by Dr. Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat it?

Miss *K.*

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

Farewell, rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
The fairies' lost command!
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children stolen from thence,
Are now grown Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domaines.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad;
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their labour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of their's which yet remayne,
Were footed in Queen Marie's dayes
On many a grassy playne;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time had been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters,
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laude and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both olde and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle;
For all the fairies' evidence
Were lost if it were addle.

Miss *Eve.* I think Dryden, in his *Wife of Bath*, says, that it was common to meet with fairies in this country in the days of King Arthur.

Miss *K.* Yes, he does.

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat these lines by Dryden?

Miss *K.*

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts of fame to foreign lands are known,
The king of elves and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths and danced on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground.
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the night.
Her beams they follow'd when at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence in airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train.
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls and after pay the feast:
She sighs and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear,
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor;
And friars, that through the wealthy region run
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise their beds and cross their walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace.
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen;
The midnight parson posting o'er the green
With gown tuck'd up to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text,
Nor wants the holy leer to country girls betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he;
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near;
For by some haycock or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even song and morn.

Miss *Eve.* I think much useful knowledge may be gained in the art of painting, by reflecting on what is called connoisseur's *cant;* such as the *grand contorno* of Michael Angelo and Goltzius; the *grace* of Raphael, Corregio, and Parmegiano; the *air* of Guido; the *purity* of Domenichino; the *learning* of Poussin; and the *greatness* and *taste* of the Caracci.

Miss *K.* Yes—also the *golden manner* and *glowing tint* of Titian; the *silver tint* of Guido, the younger Teniers, and Vandervelde; the *lightness* of Paul Veronese, Rubens, and Gainsborough; the *brilliancy* of Bassano; and the *spirited touch* of Velasquez. These and a hundred such observations may be learned in an hour, and serve connoisseurs to talk of all their lives; yet, as you remark, much may be learned by the judicious reflecting on such observations.

Miss *Eve.* Also the pyramid, the contrast, the gradations, the grouping, the unity, the buoyancy of the boats, the tout-ensemble, and the aërial perspective.

Miss *K.* I have made above twenty drawings of subjects from the History of England, some of which I have painted, and others I mean to paint. They are in that mottled portfolio.

Miss *Eve.* I have made some progress in this study, but my attainments in it are trifling when compared to your's. I am passionately fond of study. An eccentric and romantic disposition is, I think, one of the greatest prizes bestowed on us by nature. I often walk of an evening in the fields, admiring the varieties of nature, and adoring the God of nature. A romantic disposition is also benevolent, and can sincerely say to all animated nature—Be happy! —or rather—I wish you happy!—and would contribute all in its power to make it

so. The setting sun, the moon rising from behind the distant trees or chimnies, the distant shower blackening the glow of summer; the bleak winter, the sunny day, the dark night, the storm, the flash, the rolling thunder, produce various and delightful sensations on the romantic, susceptible, and sentimental mind.

Miss *K.* You are a genius, Miss Eve. These are the true symptoms of that rare quality. Yellow dirt is the *summum bonum* of mean minds. This, though it produces but a scanty pleasure at best, makes some other muck-worms of the same sort wish them dead, to get it from them.

Miss *Eve.* I am such an enthusiast for study, that when I retire to bed and chance to wake in the night, I often lie ruminating on some interesting idea or some design which I have seen by the hand of genius, which I sketch with my finger, and thus strongly impress it on my mind.

Miss *K.* This was one of the favourite methods of study of Leonardo da Vinci, who often thus amused and improved himself in bed, surrounded by the darkness of night. Those who reflect have no night: often do you lie awake and plan benevolent acts to others, and then sink into sweet slumber, as if rocked by ministering angels, who in dreams exhibit to you beings of a better world, show you their lovely selves, play, dance, twang their golden instruments, which they accompany with the melodious strains of their heavenly voices, and display forms, attitudes, airs, and graces, far superior to the best that were ever delineated by mortal hands. The antique Raphael, Corregio, and Parmegiano are but as Rembrandt or others of the Dutch school, when compared to these visions which often visit the slumbers of the good, and from which they obtain their best improvement. Milton's third wife, Elizabeth, used to say, that her husband informed her he was thus favoured.

Miss *Eve.* Suppose we return to the dramatic writers:—Who was John Dover?

Miss *K.* Son of Robert Dover, an attorney at Boston on the Heath, Warwickshire, and manager and director of the Olympic Games annually celebrated upon Cotswould Hill, Gloucestershire. John Dover was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and being intended for the law, removed to Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar. He was afterwards a minister at Drayton, in Oxfordshire. He wrote *The Roman Generals*, or *the Distressed Ladies*, a tragedy, 1677; and was living at a very advanced age in 1720.

Miss *Eve.* What are Thomas Dogget's dates?

Miss *K.* He was born in Castle-street, Dublin; and commenced actor in his early youth. He made his first theatrical attempt in his native city, but not meeting with encouragement, removed to England, and for some time performed at the provincial theatres. His first appearance in London was at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he received much applause in such characters as Fondlewife in *The Old Batchelor*, and Ben in *Love for Love*, which Congreve, with whom he was a great favourite, wrote in some measure with a view to his manner of

acting. In a few years he removed to Drury-lane Theatre, from which he retired from the profession in the very meridian of his reputation. He lived some years after quitting the stage, in very easy circumstances, having by his care and economy made himself independent. In his political principles, he was, in the words of Sir Richard Steele, a Whig up to the head and ears; and so strongly was he attached to the interests of the house of Hanover, that he never let slip any opportunity which presented itself, of demonstrating his sentiments in that respect. To mention one instance among many others:—The year after George I. came to the throne, he gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six young watermen, the first year after the expiration of their apprenticeship, on the 1st of August, being the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne. At his death, which happened in 1721, he bequeathed a sum of money, the interest of which is to be appropriated to the purchase of a like coat and badge, to be rowed for on the same day for ever. The candidates, setting out at a signal, at the time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, row from the Old Swan, near Watermen's Hall, London Bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea, a little beyond the Hospital. The signal for starting is the firing of a pistol from a barge near the spot where they are arranged, generally one at each pier from the centre of the bridge.

Miss *Eve.* I have seen this ceremony. The music, the variety of dresses, flags, colours, &c. in the boats, form a pleasing and picturesque spectacle. Some of the candidates are without their shirts, and shew their muscles in action; and such as have been victorious in former years are rowed about, wearing their coats and badges, and pointed at, to their no small gratification. I am informed, that the silver badge also confers protection from being impressed. I have observed, that some, instead of making the best of their way, row to the sides of the river Thames.

Miss *K.* This is to avoid the strength of the current; and these managers are in general the winners. Thus we see, that in rowing, as in painting, manœuvre often surpasses active talent. London, Blackfriars, and Westminster bridges, the Temple gardens, the Adelphi, Milbank, and Smith's tea-gardens near Vauxhall, are crowded with company, and exhibit silks, satins, feathers, and colours like beds of tulips. A pistol is fired at the White Swan stairs, Chelsea, when a barge stationed there is passed by the first man, who is cheered with loud acclamations from his friends on his victory, and a band of music begins to play. The second of the competitors is entitled to five, and the third to three pounds.

Dogget wrote *The Country Wake*, a comedy, 1696; which has been altered to a ballad farce, called *Flora*, or *Hob in the Well*, which has frequently been performed.

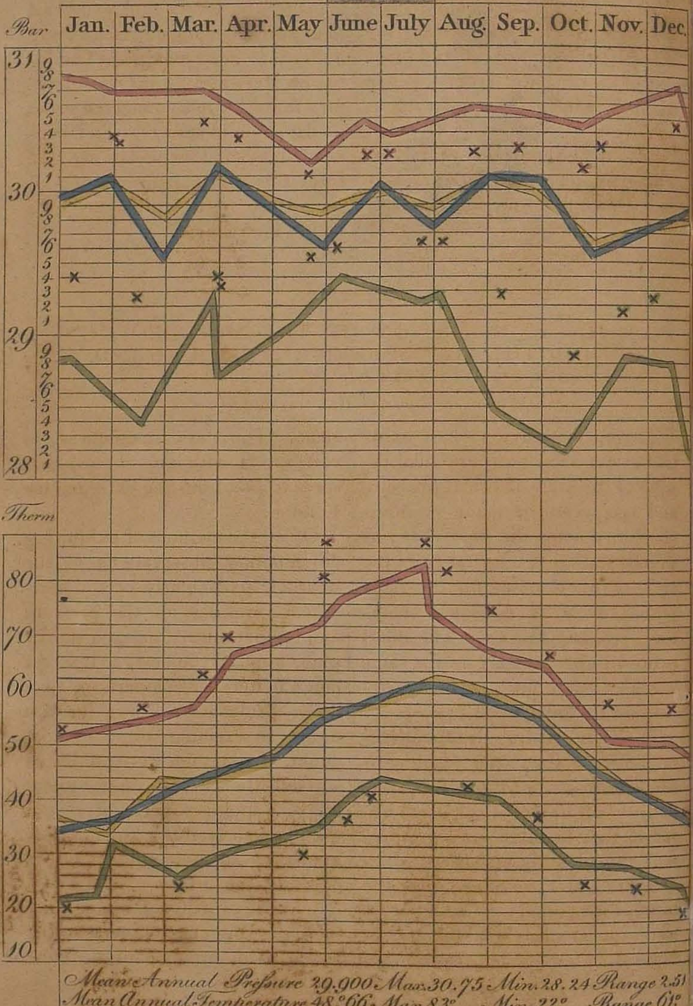
Miss *Eve.* There is a ballad farce by Charles Dibdin, entitled *The Waterman*, or *the First of August.* Tom Tug's sweetheart at a window, watching her lover's boat first pass the stationed barge, and

METEOROLOGICAL DIAGRAMS

Of the Pressure and Temperature in the Year 1813, exhibiting the Monthly Means and Extremes, deduced from Diurnal Observations made at

MANCHESTER,

1813. *by* THOs. HANSON.



Mean Annual Pressure 29.900 Max. 30.75 Min. 28.24 Range 2.51
Mean Annual Temperature 48.°66 Max. 83.° Min. 22.° Range 61.°

Girtin sc. 330 Ox

her joy on the occasion, have a very affecting and impressive effect. What did Noverre write?

Miss *K.* A pantomime, entitled *The Chinese Festival*, which was first acted in 1755, and in which one hundred persons were employed.

Miss *Eve.* I think this was too trifling to entitle Noverre to a place among the dramatic writers. When did pantomimes first appear in this country?

Miss *K.* About the year 1718. The rival theatres of Drury-lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields made great exertions to eclipse each other in providing novelties to amuse the public. Sometimes one and sometimes the other drew the most crowded houses. Each had recourse in turn to some new-fangled foppery, and music having been tried without success, the managers of Drury-lane contrived to improve dancing into something better than mere motion. The fable of Mars and Venus was therefore formed into a connected series of dances in character, which succeeded beyond expectation; and from this original hint sprung all the dumb representations since called Pantomimes.

PLATE 21.—EXPLANATION OF THE METEOROLOGICAL CHART OF THE ATMOSPHERICAL PRESSURE AND TEMPERATURE FOR THE YEAR 1813.

By THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

THE accompanying chart exhibits at one view the periodical results of the atmospherical pressure and temperature, made at Manchester, during the past year; as well as similar results taken in the vicinity of London for the same period, by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex. The chart is drawn up precisely in the same way as the one inserted in the *Repository* for April 1813.

In order to distinguish the curves intended to shew the results for Manchester, from those for London, it will be proper again to observe, that the blue curves represent the monthly means for Manchester, and the orange ones the means for London;—the red curves shew the monthly maximums, or highest states of the pressure and temperature; and the green, the minimums, or lowest states of the same. The stars are coloured, to correspond with my curves, and serve to point out the extremes for London.

Of all the methods of exhibiting cotemporary observations of the weather, particularly of the periodical variations of the pressure and temperature, this, or a similar plan, appears the best, as it serves much better for comparison, than if the results were drawn up with figures in a tabular form. I do not doubt, if diagrams were published without the curves, similar to the weaver's point paper, but that it would much facilitate the interesting study of meteorology. As a proof of the utility of diagrams, it may be worthy of notice, that those in this chart supersede the necessity of upwards of six hundred figures.

A great similarity is evident in

the general results of the two last years, between Manchester and London: the most prominent are, with respect to pressure, the same inclinations of the mean monthly curves, as well as the ranges; but with this difference, that the monthly ranges at London are by no means so great as those for Manchester. But I do suspect, that my ranges are too great: for the barometer is of the wheel kind, and particular care is taken to disengage the mercury, by tapping the instrument gently; a precaution perhaps not sufficiently attended to by Mr. Gibson. The mean monthly curves of temperature for the two places, are pretty nearly alike; the annual mean for London, as usual, is greater than that of Manchester; and the ranges of the extremes are almost invariably greater at the former place, particularly the maximums.

We shall now advert to the principal meteorologieal occurrences noticed at Manchester for the past year.

January.—The commencement of this period was mild, cloudy, and humid, the wind being for the most part south: rain fell in six instances, at intervals, to the 13th, when there was a slight fall of snow, for the first time: an easterly wind, diminished temperature, and dry atmosphere, were now the leading occurrences to the end. The minimum temperature of 22°, was on the night of the 25th.

February was decidedly a warm month, as it was attended for the most part with a south and a south-west wind, but which blew very strong: on five days hurricanes occurred; they blew chiefly from the south-west quarter, and were attended with frequent showers of rain. On the 13th there was a faint lunar halo, and on the 23d hoar-frost.

March.—The first ten days were mild and warm, with a few showers of rain; but the temperature experienced a sudden depression on the 12th: this arose from a change of wind from west to north: but its continuance in that quarter was of short duration; for the monthly maximum was on the 18th, being an augmentation of 31°. Rain, with slight showers and snow, closed the month. Wind, south and west on nineteen days; its strength never reached a hurricane. Upon the whole, the weather was favourable to vegetation.

April was ushered in with a low pressure and temperature; the latter shewed its monthly minimum on the 4th; previous to which, there were several showers of snow, hail, and peals of thunder; which were succeeded by a quick augmentation of temperature, as well as a gradual one of pressure. On the 10th the weather became so serene, warm, and brilliant, that the thermometer indicated a summer's heat, being as high as 66°, which was an increase since the 4th of 37°: vegetation of course made a rapid progress, but being too early, a check might be expected; accordingly the last ten days were marked with frequent showers of snow and hail, and boisterous north and north-east winds, which did great damage to vegetation, particularly to tender buds and foliage in exposed situations. Blossoms of fruit-trees, &c. were never known to be more promising,

but the severity of temperature and hail-storms, and particularly of the strong east winds, almost stripped them of their beauty.

May. — Although there was a gradual increase of heat from the commencement of this period, yet the prevailing easterly winds had not ceased to be destructive till about the 7th, when the weather became more mild, and nature seemed once more eager to repair the injury done to trees and vegetation. Rain about this time was much wanted, as the fall in the two preceding months had scarcely exceeded two inches in depth. From the 7th to the 26th rain fell daily, with the exception of the 12th, sometimes in very heavy and long-continued showers, and in four instances with thunder and lightning. On the 24th a hail-shower:—this period was generally favourable to the productions of the earth.

June.—In two instances the diurnal temperature was lowered to 50°: the first was on the 6th, and was in consequence of an easterly wind; the latter was on the 19th, which was immediately preceded by six days of almost incessant, but gentle showers of rain. On the 13th a shower of hail. This month was frequently marked with brilliant days, which, with the rain, were very seasonable.

July was remarkable for much thunder and lightning, interspersed with showers of rain, and in two instances hail. On the 30th, after a high, but desultory state of temperature, there was a sudden augmentation of 32°, being as high as 83°. The monthly minimum of 44° occurred on the 3d, being a difference of 39°.

August.—The first twelve days of August were cloudy and rainy, which had the effect of lowering the temperature; for, on the 24th, the minimum was as low as 42°. The force of evaporation obeys the vicissitudes of temperature: in the present instance, the monthly quantity is four-tenths of an inch less than the evaporation for July. Neither thunder, lightning, nor hail, occurred; and there were few changes of atmospherical pressure, but the two principal ones commanded great ranges.

September.—The weather for the first fifteen days was very cloudy, gloomy, and wet, with an unsettled state of temperature. In about sixty hours, viz. from the 7th to the 10th, there was a loss of 27° of temperature, when it became more mild, with a brilliant, serene atmosphere, and a high barometrical pressure, which continued to the end.

October.—On the 4th the temperature maximum, when rain fell very copiously: the temperature now continued to descend to the 18th, when freezing was observed the first time this season. The heat soon after rose, and the weather to the end was fine and dry, with the exception of the two last days. Prevailing wind, south-west.

November.—The most prominent variation in this month was, the vibratory impulse given to the atmospherical pressure during the first half of the month; indeed, a similar occurrence took place at the same time with the temperature. The weather, upon the whole, was mild for the season, as the temperature was very seldom under freezing. Rain fell copiously from the

8th to the 18th. No hail was noticed, and there was only one appearance of snow.

December was decidedly gloomy, cloudy, and rainy; but not so cold as is usually the case at this time of the year, except the few last days. The nightly state of temperature (in consequence of a gentle north wind) was lowered, in three instances, eight degrees under freezing

RESULTS OF RAIN, EVAPORATION, BAROMETER, AND WIND.

1813.	Rain.			Evap.	Bar.		Wind.										
	Inches.	*Wet Days.*	*Upon Blackstone Edge.*	*Inches.*	*Spaces in Inches.*	*Changes.*	*North.*	*N. E.*	*East.*	*S. E.*	*South.*	*S. W.*	*West.*	*N. W.*	*Variable.*	*Brisk.*	*Boisterous.*
Jan.	1.445	6	—	—	8.10	19	0	5	6	5	5	1	1	2	6	2	0
Feb.	2.040	14	—	—	13.15	21	0	0	0	0	7	12	7	1	1	12	5
Mar.	1.490	11	—	—	7.80	19	5	1	0	1	9	3	10	1	1	7	0
April	.655	7	4.215	—	6.90	18	2	5	2	1	1	7	8	2	2	7	3
May	7.140	22	14.890	2.585	7.00	21	0	5	0	1	9	8	6	0	2	2	1
June	1.935	9	4.520	3.285	4.95	12	1	3	4	4	1	4	6	3	4	2	0
July	3.440	12	5.430	3.075	6.10	11	0	1	0	0	6	13	5	4	2	0	0
Aug.	2.425	12	4.840	2.665	5.04	15	3	3	0	1	1	13	6	4	0	0	0
Sept.	3.098	10	9.840	2.040	6.60	13	1	5	1	1	4	9	1	7	1	1	1
Oct.	5.795	10	19.220	1.810	10.15	22	0	10	0	4	0	14	1	2	0	1	0
Nov.	4.525	11	11.550	1.160	10.00	13	0	3	0	7	2	8	9	0	1	6	0
Dec.	1.005	9	11.580	.646	10.04	7	4	4	1	7	3	7	1	2	2	2	0
Total	34.903	133	86.085	17.266	95.83	191	16	45	14	32	48	99	61	28	22	42	10

The annual barometrical pressure for the past year, is 29.900 inches: the maximum of 30.75 occurred twice, viz. on the 22d of January and the 26th of December. The minimum of 28.24 inches, was on the 17th of October: the range of these extremes, of course, will be 2.51 inches. The greatest variation in twenty-four hours, for the whole year, was on the 14th of November, being 1.55 inch.

The mean annual temperature is 48°.66, being half a degree more than the annual temperature of 1812; the maximum was on the 30th of July, and the minimum on the 26th of January: the difference of the two extremes, will make a range of 61°. Greatest variation in twenty-four hours was 28°, which occurred on the 14th of April. The mean temperature of the six summer months, is 56°.28; and for winter, 41°.04.

The annual fall of rain, snow, hail, &c. is nearly 35 inches in depth. Mr. George Walker's account of rain, is two inches more; but the low situation of his gauge, compared with mine, will partly account for the difference. We

are enabled to state, that May, October, and November, were the wettest months of the year, and April the driest. I have been favoured with an account of rain taken at *White Holme Reservoir*, upon *Blackstone Edge*, by my friend Mr. Mathew Leadbetter, of Laneside, near Middleton, a gentleman whose accuracy of observations I can place implicit confidence in: his account commences on the 1st of April, as will be seen in the above table. The very great fall of rain upon Blackstone Edge is most astonishing, being 86 inches in depth in nine months. At a future opportunity, I intend to give a description of the place where the gauge is fixed: at present it may be proper to observe, that the funnel is exactly the same diameter as mine, and the same means are used in measuring the quantity collected. From so remote and elevated a place, situated as it is upon the borders of the two counties of Lancaster and York, perhaps where no observations of the kind were ever before made, it cannot fail of being particularly interesting, but in an especial manner to the proprietors of the Rochdale canal, as their hopes of supply are principally drawn from that source.

Total quantity of water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of wind and to the sun, but not to its direct rays), since the 1st of May, is a little more than 17 inches.

The surface of the barometer has risen and fallen near 96 inches, or eight feet; the greatest monthly space described in any one month, was in February, being 13 inches. Annual number of changes, 191; most in October, and least in December.

The south, south-west, and west winds, have been the prevailing ones. The most brisk and boisterous winds blew in February, March, and April.

MANCHESTER, Feb. 18, 1814.

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

(*Continued from* p. 143.)

HERRMAN seriously resolved to inform Dr. Faustus, that he could no longer endure Puttli's loquacity; for he was now convinced, that if he would love his fellow-creatures, he ought not to pry into their pockets. In this state of mind he beheld Amalberga, a beautiful female of eighteen, but whose heavenly features were usually overcast with a cloud of dejection. She was an orphan, and had been left unprovided for by her father, a celebrated knight, who, on his death-bed, purchased with his possessions an exemption from purgatory, bequeathing to his child nothing but a spinning-wheel and a loom, and the pious counsel, to take the veil. Amalberga, endowed with a warm and tender heat, felt no predilection for a monastic life. She determined to try whether she could not, by industry, earn sufficient to support herself in the world in a manner becoming her birth. With

rigid economy, and by occasionally even abridging the intervals of repose, she succeeded in the attempt. Her fare was little more than bread and water; but when the young ladies of distinction appeared at the episcopal court, she was seen dressed in a less costly manner perhaps, but with equal elegance, and her graceful figure attracted every eye. Her aged uncle, when he saw his beautiful niece thus tastefully attired, would jocosely say, "Girl, thou must certainly have a spirit at thy command that supplies thee with money; and were I not thoroughly convinced of thy virtue, I should be ready to think—God forgive me!—that thou filledst thy purse by the sacrifice of it."

Such was actually the notion of her brother, a young man of loose conduct and principles, who often repeated, that female virtue and the philosopher's stone had never yet been discovered. He was always in want of money; his affectionate sister gave him what she could spare, and this strengthened him in his suspicions—for in what other way could she obtain it? That industry improves the golden hours, and like the bee flying from flower to flower, brings away a rich harvest from each, was a consideration which never entered into the noddle of the giddy youth.

Amalberga's beauty fixed Herrman's eyes, which faithfully transmitted the impression to his heart. He trembled at the idea of finding her pockets also in contradiction to the modesty of her demeanour; and it was long before he would suffer the sanctuary of innocence to be profaned by his roguery. At length he determined to venture. The first experiments proved satisfactory. There was nothing in the pocket but a handkerchief and a prayer-book. "Amalberga shall be mine!" triumphantly exclaimed the knight. "Exult not prematurely," cried the malicious dæmon, "the best women in the world are fickle; one day they stand with one foot in heaven, the next we can scarcely endure them in hell. Try the girl a short time before you suffer her to draw the net tight over your head."

Herrman began to think that the devil sometimes talks very sensibly, and adopted his advice. For several successive weeks Puttli went daily to examine Amalberga's pocket, but daily had to repeat his first report, and the knight heartily enjoyed his triumph. One day, however—a day on which an irresistible gloom again beclouded the virgin's brow—Herrman was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, when the pocket suddenly whispered—"I contain a forged bill."

"Thou liest!" retorted the youth, inflamed with indignation.

"Nothing can be more true than that the bill is forged."

"Then speak!—how is it to be accounted for?"

"I cannot tell."

"How came it in her pocket?"

"I do not know."

"She may be perfectly innocent."

"Perhaps so; but the bill is forged."

This discovery vexed the knight, and confident as he was of her virtue, he nevertheless thought fit to defer the declaration of his passion. How was he to clear up

this suspicious circumstance? In vain did he rack his brains how this was to be accomplished. The following day the bill had disappeared, and the prayer-book occupied its usual place.

Among other magic powers possessed by female charms, they have the effect of making the man who plainly enough perceives something bad lurking behind them, rather turn his eyes another way, and persuade himself that he has seen nothing. Herrman soon forgot the forged bill; but whenever memory happened to dwell upon it, he consoled himself with his *who knows?* and at length, when Amalberga was missing for two whole weeks (nobody could tell whither she was gone), this privation of the sight of her only served to inflame his passion. He longed to behold her, and meanwhile his imagination was busily engaged in clothing her beloved image in all the charms of body and mind. At length she appeared again, pale, drooping, and more dejected, but likewise more charming and more interesting than ever.

Herrman's lips opened a second time for the purpose of pronouncing the sweet confession, when Puttli whispered from her pocket—"Here is poison."

"Poison?"

"A dose that would send a troublesome husband to the infernal regions in a trice."

The knight was thunderstruck. Poison in the pocket of a beautiful young female!—this was indeed too unaccountable, and love reluctantly yielded its place to suspicion. Yet ever and anon would the former suggest from its corner, "It is perhaps only a cosmetic: a little vanity is pardonable."

"No; it is poison, I tell you;" and in this declaration the merciless Puttli persisted.

"Well, but may she not have procured it merely to destroy the rats?"

"Hardly! what should it then be doing in her pocket?

"Perhaps she has received it to-day from some friend, and intends to night to make use of it."

Puttli was silent; but the next and many successive days, he reported, with a sarcastic grin, that the poison was still there. Herrman now sought the company of Amalberga's uncle, in hopes that by his means he might be enabled to unravel the mystery. He had hitherto been rather shy of his acquaintance, for the old knight was known to the whole court to possess a turn for satire, and in his youth had brought himself into many a scrape by his epigrams. This might possibly be the reason also why he never advanced himself, in spite of his integrity and valour. Too proud to complain, he chose rather to endure the most pinching want, and yet was always as good-humoured as if he revelled in pleasures and abundance. "But let us hear what testimony his pocket will bear him," said Herrman to the officious Puttli; and before the words had passed his lips, the sprite complied with his wish.

"Here is a little box with splinters of bones, evidences of the wounds received by the knight in many a conflict for the bishop. Here is a hard crust of bread, probably the reward bestowed by

the prelate for his heroic exploits. Here is also a billet from an old chamberlain."

"Read it."

"Beware, sir knight, of the anger of the bishop. Your virtuous refusal has inflamed him to fury. He swears to be revenged, and, in spite of you, to accomplish his wicked purpose."

"Is that all?"

"It is."

"What has the knight refused to the bishop?

"I do not know."

"What wicked purpose has the bishop in contemplation?"

"I cannot tell."

"Be it what it will, I know enough to be convinced that the old knight is an honest man."

Herrman now neglected no opportunity of sounding him respecting his niece, and even intimated his intentions of proposing an honourable alliance, if only certain mysterious circumstances could be cleared up by the uncle's assistance: but he could get nothing more from him than the assurance, on the word and honour of a knight, that his niece was an excellent girl, and that he wished her brother had but a single drop of her blood in his veins. This testimony was certainly encouraging—but the forged bill!—the poison!

"Pshaw!" cried Herrman, with impatience, "she may clear up these matters when we are married. At any rate, I will acquaint her with my sentiments." Away he went the third time, firmly resolved to declare to the fair Amalberga what she had long since divined.

Once more Puttli abruptly cried, "Stop!"

"What is the matter now, thou unmerciful dæmon?"

"Here is a note by the side of the poison."

"From whom?"

"There is no signature."

"Read it."

Puttli read as follows:—"It gave me pain, dear Amalberga, that you should have murdered my child without the least pity. But a little reflection convinces me, that I ought to commend your foresight. To have been known as the father, might have been dangerous for me and injurious to your reputation. What had better remain a secret, would then have been the talk of the town. By thy prudence thou hast put the man to shame. Accept my thanks, thou dear and trust-worthy girl."

"Heaven and hell!" exclaimed Herrman, "what is this?"

"Did you not hear?" rejoined Puttli, drily—"she has murdered a child. Now it is evident for what purpose she wanted the poison."

Herrman shuddered. He resolved to banish the image of hypocrisy from his heart for ever. But how was he to accomplish this if he continued to see her every day? He determined to join the crusade against the pagan Lithuanians, and to seek in military enterprizes either tranquillity or death.

"Saddle my horse," cried he late the same night to his squire. "The morning sun shall see me far from Bamberg." The steed was saddled, and he sprung upon his back.

"Shall I attend you?" asked Puttli.

"Go to the devil!" replied Herrman, and in an instant the little dæmon vanished with a loud laugh of malicious joy.

Slowly, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, the youth passed the gate, followed by his trusty squire. The moon threw a feeble light upon his road. The night was cool and rainy; but the chill gloom of nature was not equal to that which pervaded his heart. He had just passed the place of execution, when he heard behind him the footsteps of a horse advancing at full speed, and the loud shrieks of a female apparently in great distress. In those days, before the right of the stronger had given place to the influence of law, it was no unusual thing for females to be forcibly carried off by their disappointed suitors. Herrman immediately concluded, that the sounds which assailed his ears originated in one of those violent attempts. Mindful of the duties of chivalry, he turned his horse about, fixed himself firmly in the stirrups, and loudly called out to the person advancing to stop. At the same time his sword glistened in the moonlight, and the trusty squire who carried his lance, brandished it over his head till it whizzed again in the air.

The stranger's horse, on suddenly finding an obstruction in his road, started back and snorted. The black rider uttered dreadful imprecations, and the white figure behind him piteously implored assistance. "Make way," cried the former, "whoever ye be, and let me pass. The girl is my sister; I am carrying her to a convent."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the female. "For Heaven's sake have compassion on an orphan!" Herrman recognized with horror the voice of Amalberga. Without farther consideration he fell upon the ravisher, who also knew how to handle his sword, and was not backward at returning the blows. Who can tell how this conflict in the dark might have terminated, had not Herrmann's squire with his lance unhorsed their opponent, and extended him senseless upon the earth.

"You are saved, fair Amalberga," said Herrman, with a faltering voice; "command whither I shall conduct you."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the trembling maiden, "you are the knight of Runenburg."

"I am."

"Then to *you* I owe the preservation of my honour and of my life!"

At the word *honour* Herrman shrunk back, but forebore to reply. After a short pause, he coldly asked, "Will you return to Bamberg?" She answered in the affirmative. He ordered his squire to lead her horse by the bridle, and himself rode slowly and silently before to her habitation. Here he drily bade her farewell, and turned his horse without making any enquiry respecting her adventure. But Amalberga embraced his knee with virgin modesty. "No, sir knight," said she, "you shall not depart thus. Come into my house, that I may refresh you with a bowl of generous wine, and that by the

taper's light you may witness my grateful tears."—Away! be gone! cried Herrman's head: Stay, whispered his heart, and he did stay. A delightful sensation thrilled his whole frame when he entered Amalberga's neat apartment. Here stood the spinning-wheel, there the loom; and on the wall hung a picture of St. Theresa.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, AND RECOMMENCEMENT OF BUSINESS AT THE COMMERCIAL SALE-ROOMS, MINCING-LANE.

On Saturday morning, the 12th February, 1814, a dreadful fire consumed that extensive building, the Custom-House, in Lower Thames-street. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in the very numerous offices of this edifice almost all the import and export business relative to that branch of the revenue was carried on, and that on its basement and ground-floors it contained an extensive warehouse full of valuable property, either deposited for the security of duties, or under confiscation, which was almost wholly consumed.

The fear inspired by the knowledge that gunpowder was deposited there, for the use of the Custom-House brigade (and part of which in fact exploded with a tremendous shock), prevented the usual exertions of the firemen, so that the destructive element raged almost unopposed, and with terrific grandeur, till it had no further materials on which it could feed, and by ten o'clock the late busy Custom-House exhibited bare roofless walls, and those shattered by the effects of the exploded gunpowder.

A conflagration in itself so extensive, and in its consequences so important, from the destruction of books, documents, and public records, and the interruption which it was expected to give to the operations of the chief branch of revenue in a commercial country, spread unusual anxiety.

Crowds more numerous than at ordinary fires pressed to the spot; the ships in the river, boats, and bridges, the gallery of the Monument, and the tops of buildings, were thronged with spectators. The numerous officers of the customs, arriving at the usual hour for business from distant residences to attend to their several duties, were filled with consternation, on finding the place in which many of them had kept not only their important official accounts with the public, and with their superiors, but in which many had deposited, as in a continually guarded place of security, much of their private property, one large pile of glowing ruins.

The commissioners, soon after reaching the spot, issued a public notice, that they were sitting at the house of their secretary, Mr. Delavaud, in Trinity-square, for the purpose of receiving information; and that they should continue to sit from day to day, Sundays included, till further notice.

Before noon the whole metropolis seemed to be agitated as to the consequences of this dreadful ca-

lamity, and conjectures were afloat and rumours circulated as to a substitute for the Custom-House till the new building, just begun, could be finished for business.

The general sentiment appeared to concur in expecting, that the elegant structure newly erected for the Mint, on Tower-Hill, or else that part of the Tower itself would be assigned for the use of the customs. It was justly deemed a matter of high interest by all, as an interruption to the business of that essential branch of the revenue, would be of immense consequence to commerce, at a period when, from the late victories on the Continent, a greater trade might be expected than had ever been known; and the dread of delay to ships arrived, and to those about to depart to join convoys appointed to sail on fixed days, produced a distressing anxiety in persons more imdiately concerned. The subject became, of course, a topic of general conversation and eager enquiry.

Happily we have to record, and it is with feelings of joyful congratulation that we do record, a circumstance which appears to be little less than the effect of magic; and which, if it had been promised without our knowing the means of accomplishment, we candidly own, would not have received our belief.—But to the point: the Custom-House of London, in all its great extent, was consumed on Saturday, the 12th of February, and on Monday the 14th, with the lapse of only one intervening day, the officers of the several departments were at assigned and distinct posts in distinct, appropriate, and assigned offices. The usual business of the Custom-House was actually recommenced on that day; was greatly increased on the 15th; and, on Wednesday, the 16th, had acquired such a degree of currency, that the fire of the preceding Saturday was in some measure forgotten, and the trade of the port of London, inwards and outwards, suffered very little interruption, comparatively, with what might have been reasonably expected.

In our publication for the month of May, 1813, p. 299, we gave a perspective View of that beautiful new building in Mincing-lane, denominated the London Commercial Sale-Rooms; and we beg our readers to refer to that Number for an account of the purposes for which this structure was erected by its public-spirited proprietors. The great number of offices which it contains, its peculiarly favourable locality, in the very centre of trade, having an access eastward from Mark-lane, as well as westward by its front in Mincing-lane, appeared so suitable for the purpose of mercantile convenience, and an elegant market for colonial and other produce, that no cost had been spared in the purchase of the site, or pains to render the building commodious.

At this time it was nearly completed and beautified, and was beginning to feel the happy effects of commerce reviving, in consequence of the liberation of the Continent and the expectation of peace; and promised to reward the patient perseverance of the proprietors, by affording the desired convenience and a remuneration for the large capital they had embarked in the undertaking.

Every advantage which this spacious building possessed for the purpose of commerce, might equally be turned to the advantage of the Customs, under this unexpected calamity. The directors deeming that, under such an exigence of public necessity, they ought to consult the national welfare; and persuaded, that no other place near that spot could offer equal advantages of prompt occupation and a large number of distinct yet connected offices, made at once an offer to the Commissioners of the Customs of all the accommodation in their power, both in the Institution itself, and the house adjoining, the lease of which they had purchased. With these advantages they offered also the greatest which could be desired, viz. unconditional and *instant* possession, trusting with confidence to the liberality of government for the remuneration which ought to be given for such a ready sacrifice of their commercial views, and the great interruption and delay which the proprietors would experience in their own peculiar objects, from their desire to promote the public interest.

The commissioners acknowledged, in polite and warmly grateful terms, the extraordinary accommodation which was thus so handsomely and seasonably tendered to the public; and having personally surveyed the premises, ordered the officers of the customs to await their instructions at the Commercial Sale-Rooms; at the same time directing that all books, &c. saved, should be brought and deposited there immediately. A military guard from the India brigade was placed for security at each access.

On Sunday, the committee of heads of offices, nominated by the commissioners to co-operate in facilitating a general re-organization, allotted the offices to the several departments; and they were taken possession of by the respective officers, who received the books, &c. as they were brought in from the Corn-Market in Mark-lane, which had been the grand depository during the time of the fire, and which it was absolutely necessary to clear before the next morning's corn-market could begin. Thus unexpectedly accommodated, the Commissioners of the Customs were enabled to give notice, that on Monday they would sit for the dispatch of public business in the London Commercial Sale-Rooms, the directors of that Institution having offered the commissioners the use of their board-room till a larger one could be prepared. Numerous carpenters were then put in requisition, who worked through the night; and on Monday morning the several offices were filled, and the titles over them shewed the accommodation afforded to the following departments:—

1. Board-Room.
2. Waiting-Room.
3. Secretary's-Room.
4. Committee-Room.
5. Solicitor for London and Western ports.
6. Solicitor for Northern Ports.
7. Solicitor for Bonds.
8. Solicitor's-Clerks.
9. Western Clerks.
10. Northern and Principal Clerks.
11. Western and Northern Department.
12. Minutes, Whitehall, and Quarantine Department.
13. Plantation Clerks.

14. Clerk of the Papers.
15. } Copying Clerks.
16. }
17. Petition Office.
18. Recvr. of Fines & Forfeitures.
19. } Register General of Shipping
20. } and Property Tax.
21. Inspector of Out-Port Accts.
22. Gaugers.
23. Coffee Office.
24. Bond Office.
25. Landing Waiters.
26. Landing Surveyors.
27. General Surveyors.
28. Treasurer.
29. } Searchers
30. } and
31. } Clerks.
32. }
33. } Inspector General and Clerks.
34. }
35. Accountant of petty Receipts.
36. } East India Officers and other
37. } Clerks.
38. }
39. Register of Debentures.
40. Comptroller General.
41. Receiver of grand Plantation and Wine Receipts.
42. Bench Officers.
43. Long Room Outward Department, viz.
Collector Outwards Offices, for
Nine Cocket Writers,
Principal and extra Clerks,
Receiver and Clerk,
First and Second Assistant Collectors.
Comptroller Outwards Department, viz.
Assistant Comptroller,
Chief Clerk,
Two Clerks.
Bills of Entry Office Inwards and Outwards, viz.
Deputy Patent and Clerk.
Surveyor Outward Department, viz.
Assistant Surveyor and Clerk,
Registrar of Certificate Cockets and Clerk,
Receiver of Turkey and Russia Dues.
Usher's Department, viz.
Usher of the Long Room,
Two Clerks to the Usher.
44. Long Room for the Inward Department, viz.
Surveyor Inwards and Clerks
Examiner Inwards and ditto,
Clerk of the Rates and ditto :
Report Office Inwards—
Comptroller Inwards & Clerks,
Clerk of Certificates and ditto,
Clerk of Ships' Entries and do.
Computer of the Wine Duties and ditto,
Examiner of the Wine Duties and ditto,
Computer of the Duties on East India Goods and ditto,
Computer of the Duties on East India Calicoes and ditto.
45. Receivers General and Supervisors.
46. Southern European and Southern Plantation Jerquers.
47. Northern European and Northern Plantation Jerquers.
48. Surveyor of Sloops.
49. Wood Farm Officers, or River Office.

The throng was very great on the Monday, from those who occupied the offices, from numerous enquirers, and not a few attracted by mere curiosity. A certain degree of confusion was naturally to be expected, yet some public business was transacted; every officer was at the post assigned him, and the offices were found so judiciously distributed by the committee, as to afford much facility to dispatch. On the Tuesday many ships were reported inwards, and others cleared outwards, and entries of goods

were passed both ways; and on Wednesday the public had already become so perfectly acquainted with the new routine as to transact business with a regularity, expedition, and ease, that were truly surprising, and will be a lasting honour to the port of London, and to every person whose exertions tended to obtain this great national benefit*.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXVIII.

Is mihi demum vivere et frui anima videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.——SAL. *Bel. Cat.*

In my opinion, he only may be said truly to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action or useful art.

If my memory does not deceive me, for though I cannot account for the change, I am not, I think, so faithfully served by it as I have heretofore been; I say, if my memory is correct, it was a maxim of the school of Pythagoras, "that every idle man is a dead man;" and it was the established discipline in the college of that philosopher, when any of the students grew weary of application and improvement, and returned to an idle, unprofitable life, the rest regarded them as dead, clothed themselves in mourning, performed their funeral obsequies, and raised tombs to their memory, with such inscriptions as suited their respective characters, and encouraged those who remained to continue in the practice of those active exertions which would advance their progress in knowledge, and extend their utility to the world. I imagine, that though the church of Rome would not allow it, the custom of introducing young women to a monastic life, which is accompanied, more or less, with a funeral ceremony, has arisen from the same principle. I remember, in my travels, being present when a young lady of high birth took the veil, which was certainly rendering her completely useless, in every sense of the word, during the rest of her life. This devoted fair-one, and I lamented her lot the more as she was very handsome, having been regularly stripped of all the splendid robes with which she was decorated, was habited in the dress of the order, her beautiful tresses cut off, and having prostrated herself on the ground, a kind of pall was thrown over her, when, as a funeral sermon was quietly performing by the priests, a solemn dirge was played by a very numerous band of musicians, the bells of the church rang a solemn peal, the relations wept, and this victim of folly, superstition, and priestcraft was buried to the world. She

* It is a tribute due to the energy and promptitude displayed by R. H. Marten, Esq. the Chairman of the Committee of the Commercial Buildings, to state, that the mercantile interest and the public in general, are chiefly indebted to his indefatigable activity for the immediate accommodation afforded in the present instance to this important branch of the revenue. Neither should it be forgotten, that, notwithstanding the multiplicity of business which demands his attention, it is this same gentleman whose humanity has prompted him to undertake the laborious office of Secretary to the Committee for the Relief of the distressed Germans, in which he has manifested a philanthropic zeal, assiduity, and ability, that reflect equal honour on his head and heart.—EDITOR.

then, with a taper in her hand, approached the door of the cloister, which opened to receive her into its living tomb, and instantly closed upon her. As a theatrical exhibition, it was a spectacle worth the attendance; but as a reality, it affected me more than it is now necessary to express.

Dr. Middleton, in his celebrated Letter from Rome, has, with his usual ability, proved the connection between the ceremonies of the pagan religion and those of the Roman Catholic church. I, however, feel a pride in having unfolded, what he never dreamed or thought of, that the ceremonies of a monastic admission may be traced to such a far distant and more remote period as the time of Pythagoras: though I hope it will not be considered by my readers, a vain and affected display of any little recondite learning which I may possess, as I should blush to appear guilty of that vanity myself which I am continually endeavouring to repress in the minds of others.

I shall now proceed to give another, and, as I rather apprehend, a very unexpected example of this Pythagorean principle; not as operating on the ceremonies of religion, or the forms of political institution; but as it has woven itself into a hunting society, composed of sportsmen of rank and fortune, and established in all the splendour of the chase. One of their leading regulations, and to which I exclusively refer, as connected with my subject, is so far similar to a monastic ordinance, that it strictly enjoins a state of celibacy. In short, the club consists of high, sporting men, who, to use the elegance of newspaper diction, have never led any lady to the altar of Hymen. In fact, they are a pack of bachelors, being determined, that no one of them shall be liable to the interruption described in the old hunting song:—

> And still my wife cries,
> My dear, do not rise,
> But cuddle me longer in bed.

This irrevocable decree was framed in honour of the sport, as it was observed, that, whenever a member married, he grew irregular in his attendance, came frequently too late to the appointed cover; no longer risked his limbs or his neck in taking a leap; would make objections to certain toasts; refuse to take his usual quantum of wine by a bottle or two; kick a pet hound that lay before the fire; and drench his handkerchief with lavender water when he attended feeding time, as the smell of horse litter was no longer pleasant; nay, a married member had been even heard to declare, that his children's nursery was preferable to any dog-kennel in the kingdom. These and similar circumstances occasioned, at times, certain bickerings and animosities, which interrupted social harmony: and as it was a matter of considerable delicacy, the various arrangements which had been proposed to remedy the grievance, were either too violent or peremptory to answer the end, without risking the dissolution of the society. At length an event happened, which gave the members an opportunity of preventing any future uneasinesses, at least from the interposition of married men.

It happened one day when the

hounds were at fault, that the huntsman had reason to call, with a vociferating degree of displeasure, to two of them whose names were *Cuckold* and *Vixen:* the only *Benedict* at that time of the club, being within hearing, took immediate offence, on the strange notion, that those terms were purposely applied to him and his wife; and insisted peremptorily, that the man should be instantly discharged from his situation. The unconscious Nimrod solemnly declared, that he never thought about gentlemen or ladies when he was hunting his dogs: that since he had been their honours' huntsman, there had always been dogs of those names in the pack; *Cuckold* had been but lately entered and wanted talking to, and that *Vixen* sometimes wanted a smack of the whip: that, for his part, he did not know any thing about the gentleman or madam; but that every body knew, that a huntsman must call to his dogs, and that every hound in the pack knew his name as well as the gentleman or the lady: and he hoped his honour would not deprive an old huntsman of his bread, for calling a dog and a bitch by their right names. A jury of sportsmen could not but give their verdict against the complainant, who immediately quitted the club. The members now resolved, that married men should no longer remain in it: a resolution to the following effect was accordingly drawn up, which was unanimously agreed to, at a special meeting called for the purpose, and added to the regulations of the society:—

"*Resolved,* That no married man shall be admitted into this club; and if any member should think proper to marry, the clerk of the hunt shall, at the expiration of the honeymoon, that is, one month after the said marriage, transmit to him the following notification, accompanied with a pair of doe-skin gloves stitched with black, and a crape hatband:—

"The hunt, according to the established custom, take leave of their late member with great regard and equal regret; at the same time, they wish him good sport in pursuing his new game, and that he may be speedily in at the death."

It may indeed be observed, that hunting could not be a Pythagorean amusement, as the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, evidently militates against it; for, according to that, these sportsmen might hunt the grandmother of some of them in the shape of a fox, or a grandfather in the form of a deer. But I rely merely on the principle of those who are no longer useful in the society to which they belong; and, on this ground, I flatter myself that I have maintained my argument to the conviction, and, of course, to the satisfaction of my readers.

I have heard or read somewhere of a curious scheme of existence, which, though produced with a fanciful ingenuity, is founded on the genuine principles of philosophy; and will appear, if considered with due attention, to illustrate still further the doctrine which forms the topic of this paper. This scheme involves both the living and the dead; but I beg it may be understood, that, among the latter, are comprehended all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who

pass most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs which they call life; or in dressing and decorating those shadows and apparitions which are regarded by the vulgar as men and women. For the principle of the system is this: that whoever passes his time without being, or assiduously striving to be, useful in his rank and condition, is a dead man to all intents and purposes. The living, accordingly, are those alone who are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds or for the advantage of others; and even these are only considered to be alive during that part of their existence which is actively and usefully occupied: so that, according to this notion, many men are not alive half their days, and some do not begin to live till they have passed through a large portion of them; indeed, I am afraid that examples may be found of such as have been dead all their lives. Now, as there may be many idle, quiet, honest men, who pay the taxes, never run in debt, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life, I most earnestly invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for something: and the latter, to rejoin, without delay, the number of the living. This scheme of arranging mankind under the proposed denominations, is authorised by Solomon himself: "A man that worketh not;" or, in plain English, an idle, worthless fellow, "is, as it were, one that is dead."

There is an Arabian, or which is much the same thing, an Oriental proverb, which expressively and openly describes *Idleness as the Devil's play-fellow*. This allegorical sentence is so self-evident and intelligible, that I shall not suppose it necessary for me to enter into an illustration of it. There is so much sound common sense in it, that it would be insulting such persons as I have reason to think honour my lucubrations with their attention, to add a word upon the subject. I think, however, that, among the industrious and active part of mankind, they who have been inventors of any thing that tends, in any way, to the advantage or innocent amusement of mankind, are to be ranked in the first class. And, therefore, I have given a most respectful consideration to patentees of every kind. Invention implies genius, however employed. The dignity of discovery, indeed, depends upon the extent of utility which the thing discovered produces. The simplification of vast and complicated machinery, is one thing; and an improvement in snuffers or nut-crackers, is another. That invaluable medicine known by the name of James's Powder, is one thing; and a new and better mode of preparing anchovy, is another. But I respect the spirit of invention, however different may be the ratio of their individual merit whom it inspires. Besides, it produces emulation, and emulation leads to excellence, wherever it is known to operate. It may be a subject of ridicule, though I contend that nothing is ridiculous which is attended with good, when I mention the contest that many years ago prevailed between two rival pastry - cooks, re-

specting the invention, which they both claimed, of a certain kind of delicious *cheese-cake*, when well made, entitled and styled a *Maid of Honour*. Which of these culinary chemists was the genuine inventor I cannot tell, but over the shops of both was displayed in golden letters their respective testimonials :—" The original and genuine *Maids of Honour* sold here." I have frequented them both, and could not determine which was the best manufacturer of these dainties. The circumstance occasioned a good deal of playfulness and mirth at the time, from the equivocal application of the title of certain courtly ladies. Some fanciful blunders were also, and not unfrequently, committed on the occasion. I remember once, when being in a pastry-cook's shop, a dirty boy came in and asked for a *stale* Maid of Honour, for which he paid half price; and I was so tickled with the circumstance, that I gave him a couple just fresh from the oven; and the lad, on thanking me, said he had never tasted a fresh Maid of Honour before. I still continue my partiality for them, and have only to complain, that their price is raised twofold, and that they cannot now be had for less than two-pence a piece. I am not in a rank of life to associate or drink tea with Maids of Honour, but I am going to make my supper of them, and as the servant has just brought in the tray whereon they are displayed with some mashed potatoes beside them, I shall take leave of my readers and conclude my paper.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. III.

" There is no passion so universal, however diversified and disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications to the world: this is so strong upon men of *great genius*, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they may possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy."——*Guardian* (STEELE).

IT has precisely turned out as I conjectured ; I knew I had but to take up my pen, and the whole world would be delighted with my lucubrations : not but I have been sneered at by the envious, who have thrown impediments in my way to prevent my works being printed ; but I have at length succeeded ; and I have no doubt that the additional sale of the *Repository of Arts* is entirely owing to the Cogitations of Johannes Scriblerus. As, however, I have a regard for the interests of the publisher, I shall contrive, as much as possible, to veil my genius ; well knowing, that if I indulge the full blaze of it, the rest of his correspondents, fearful of encountering the comparisons which may be made not altogether to their credit, may lay down their pens ; and even the editor, clever as he may flatter himself he is, may, from jealousy and despair, relinquish the superintendence of the Miscellany which I have deigned to honour with my assistance. Yes, my name is now up ; and if I keep myself no longer concealed, it is only because I fear, that some years hence I may be-

come like another Junius, and all the merit of my works, my deep reasoning, my unaffected pathos, and sublimity of thought, be all —all given to another. With what enquiries, what prayers, what intreaties to throw off my disguise, am I incessantly assailed! Heaven knows, I have long withstood their solicitations, but the number of fair supplicants, whose asking eyes have long wandered to find out the Cogitator, have softened my iron heart: I acknowledge my weakness; I am not made of marble; and though I cannot at present unfold the full orb of my charms to their sight, in pity to maiden hearts, yet I will give them some hints, whereby I may be known. I shall draw the most tender parts of my outline, and leave the detail and finishing to another opportunity. There are people malicious enough to pretend, that the crowd gathered continually round my friend Ackermann's window, is arrested [illegible] val of a Cossack, or the [illegible] English art and fanciful [illegible], and that this crowd is in[illegible]sed by the placards of *second edition*, stuck on the windows of a neighbouring newspaper-office. Insidious varlets! how is it, then, that every time the door opens, the cry is repeated of, "*Here he comes! this is he!*" Not the brave Zemlenutin hight, but the dear Cogitator; while the poor souls loudly express their disappointment on not seeing me, but some other guess person who would run away with my reputation. I must confess I could not help hugging myself on my security last Wednesday night, when so many heads were employed, so many eyes engaged in looking over works of art; had they known the Cogitator was present, in vain would the charms of pictorial embellishment have solicited their notice. The numerous applications that have been made to me to sit for my portrait, have quite bewildered me; and, much as I have debated with myself on whom I shall confer an honour which must inevitably procure fame and patronage, I am yet undecided. I shall certainly not sit to Lawrence or Shee, but in all probability confer this honour on some unprotected artist, who, of course, must present me with the resemblance. Thus I shall become a patron of art; and if Mr. Ackermann be very importunate, I don't know, but that, for certain advantages, I may condescend to grant him a copy to embellish his *Repository of Arts*, &c. But to my purpose; the delineation of my face, my person, and abilities, which I would advise my readers to attend to, and to beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

First, then, for my abilities, on which, although I think them fully demonstrated to the readers of this Magazine, I shall beg leave to expatiate a little. That I consider myself perfectly competent to the task of "catching the manners living as they rise," I must, with the usual modesty of an author, firmly aver, being quite sure that I am in possession of the necessary requisites. In short, I am what the world calls a genius. I have built castles in the air, which have as speedily fallen to the earth; I have written novels, which were never printed, and composed dramas, which have never been performed;

and I have invented a thousand projects, all of which have vanished, and,

> "like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a wreck behind."

My adventures and actions have ever been guided by novelty; and when I have informed the public, that I have driven *Jarvy* in his own hack, or a duchess in her barouche, and taken the conceit out of a waterman, all *pour passer le tems*, surely I may be allowed some share of applause for the variety of my amusements; and when I add, that I can either roar a catch, or sing a psalm, the versatility of my powers must be obvious. I may be seen at one time listening to a ballad-singer's "Heigh ho! said Boney," or applauding Braham's *Woodpecker*; laughing at Grimaldi's *Tippitywitchet*, or ravished with Catalani's *Ah! quanto l'anima*. At one time I may be seen running along the city in a slouched hat and Belcher handkerchief; at another, lounging down Bond-street in fur and velvet; sporting my Marlborough at the Opera, or my cue at a billiard-table; sometimes making one at a meeting of eccentrics, surrounded with tobacco and porter, at others rattling the bones at Brookes's; one day taking a chop at Belsham's, the next sporting Champagne and turtle at Stevens's.

Doubtless, these avocations must farther raise the curiosity of my readers to know my age, and how I have spent the latter part of my life. With regard to the first, I inform them, that I am trotting on to forty; to the second, that I have been so busied all my life in censuring other people, that I have not had time to regulate my own conduct. My figure—and if I pride myself more on one thing than another, it is this—is about the middle height, and my shape would by some be thought genteel, that is, if it is not just as corpulent again as it should be. My face would be handsome, were it not so round; at present it is not much unlike a full moon, yet would it be more like that planet, did not two immense cheeks fall down over my neckcloth. My beard is so dark, that it has not been unaptly compared to a nursery for blacking-brushes: my eyes, I assure you, are none of the worst, could they be seen to advantage, but an overhanging forehead prevents this; while heavy eyebrows, large and bushy, give me an appearance which I think profound, but which malicious virgins have censured as sulky and gloomy. My nose is large and snubbed, and not unfrequently covered with [illegible]; the colour which should [illegible] cheeks might be toler[illegible] lie in the right place, i[illegible] the tip of my nasal organ. [illegible] mouth is large and wide, but generally drawn down, between ill-humour and contempt; yet if I do condescend to smile——but I get prolix. Of my temper, the *least* said of it is best; yet, notwithstanding all these amiable aberrations, I have often felt the tender passion, and, not to speak it profanely, have not had much cause to complain of the neglect of the fair sex. Mothers have wished me for a son-in-law, and fathers have sounded me on my intentions; while my desk is not unoccupied with billet-doux and valentines

from some sweet creature or other. I have also had auricular proofs of their esteem for me or my money, and oral signs of their attention to the same doubtful purpose.

The fairest of ladies have condescended to be treated at my expence; and my superiors have done me the honour of taking their mutton and claret with me. Tradesmen have wished I owed them a thousand pounds, but have alarmed me when my bill has exceeded twenty. Friends have professed much for me when I have been above their assistance, but have been out of cash when I wanted the loan of five guineas. Thus, then, having stated my virtues and abilities, of which I possess no common share, and having given so many hints, that my person may be no longer unknown, pleased with the gratification I have no doubt conferred on the anxious million, I shall for the present take my leave.

P. S. For fear of mistakes, I beg leave to observe, that the little bandy-legged man so often seen coming from Mr. Ackermann's, with a roll of papers in his pocket, *is not me!*

The Cogitator informs Miranda, that he should be very happy to receive any communication from her, were he not fearful he might be thought to intrude on the department of the Modern Spectator.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XLI.

THE whole of the inhabitants of the island of Johanna are calculated to amount to about 130,000. The town of the same name contains about 200 houses, the greatest part of which are inhabited by the chief persons of the country: they are of stone, but low; except the king's palace, which is lofty and spacious. His majesty possesses unlimited power over all his subjects, both in religious and temporal concerns; his general residence is a few miles from the town, and he seldom comes thither, except when any European ships arrive. On such occasions, he is accompanied by a numerous retinue, and seldom fails to go on board, where he is entertained by the captain, and saluted on his arrival and departure with five guns; a circumstance of which he is extremely jealous, because it is a mark of esteem and importance, which renders him more respected by his subjects. Without his permission, no captain can trade with the inhabitants; to obtain which, nothing more is necessary than to present him with a small quantity of European manufactures. Mr. Grose says, " As soon as a vessel has cast anchor in the road, it is immediately surrounded by a great number of canoes, which hasten to bring refreshments of all kinds: it is amusing to see the confusion and eagerness of the rowers to arrive first at the ship; when the sea is boisterous, it often happens that they are overset, but without any danger of their lives, as they are all excellent swimmers, and sustain no other loss than their little cargoes." The only account of the

island of Mayotta (another of this group), on which we can depend, is that of Commodore B. Francis Beaulieu, who, in his narrative of his expedition to the East Indies, says, that the island of Mayotta is low, cold, and damp; that it abounds with provisions and fruits, and is covered with verdure, but is not inhabited on the sea-shore. In sailing along the coast, he came to a spot where he found a vessel about 40 tons, which came from Moka, the captain of which, an Arab, supposing him Dutch, had sent all his cargo on shore. He shewed him two letters, the one from an English commander named Martin, the other of a Captain Banner, in which they inform their countrymen, that they had found many refreshments here, particularly fruit, but had not been able to find any fresh water; that linen and paper were in much request among the inhabitants, but that great care should be taken not to offend them, as, with all their friendly appearance, they might do much harm. The commodore sent back the Arab captain to his vessel, with the strongest assurances, that he had no bad intentions, and also of his friendly disposition; he likewise charged him with a letter written in Spanish, containing the same assurances to the sovereign of the island. Soon after, the king sent some of his principal people, to assure the commodore of his friendship, and of his inclination to furnish him with all the productions of the island which he might stand in need of.

MERCATOR & CO.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE eighth Exhibition of the British Institution is now on view, and we can confidently say, that it is not inferior to any preceding collection of works of art that have appeared upon the walls of this place, appropriated by the munificence of a few noblemen and gentlemen to the patriotic purpose of encouraging native talent.

It has been erroneously held by many speculatists, that institutions of this kind have produced neither improvement in art, nor patronage to artists. Happily, the experience of eight years of increasing ability on the part of the artists, and enlarged patronage on the part of the public, have proved, that such an institution alone was wanted, to give that energy to the fine arts, that shall henceforth shew British genius in painting to be equal to that displayed by professors of other sciences, and so creditable to the country.

We shall resume the pleasing occupation of offering a few observations on some of the pictures *con amore*, and leave the task of criticism to those who delight more in the display of their own acuteness, than in an ingenuous admission of the talents of their contemporaries.

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15. *The Disposal of a Favourite Lamb.*—W. Collins.

We have before noticed the progressive advancement of this young artist; but the great stride which he has taken on his path to fame

since the last Exhibition, is highly creditable to his industry and talent. This picture tells its artless tale with a truth of expression that excites emotion in every feeling breast. Subjects of this class, wherein children form the *dramatis personæ*, are usually so insipid, that connoisseurs feel inclined to turn away at the first sight of them: but if infantile compositions were always treated in so painter-like a manner as in this picture, we should have no objection to see these subjects in every collection.

76. *Forenoon Landscape.*—The same.

On the margin of a limpid brook, a group of little cottagers angling for minnows is represented in this pleasing composition. On the face of a boy is a just imitation of an incident of light, which marks the observant mind of the painter. This child holds a bottle in his hand, which he has elevated between his face and the sun, with a curious desire to peep at the imprisoned fish; the light passing through the density of the bottle and the water, is reflected on part of his visage, and the pure rays of the sun glance upon the other with the most natural identity. The landscape is sweetly composed; the water and the rushes are touched with a light and spirited pencil. We think this a choice cabinet picture.

25. *The Town Miss visiting her Country Relations.*—The same.

There is much dramatic expression in this subject, wherein is represented a tawdry miss seated in an old-fashioned chair by the fireside of an humble cottage, the dwelling of her aunt, who is surrounded by a numerous progeny of young children, cousins to miss; one of whom is offering, with a pleasing artlessness, a glass of home-made wine, which the fine London lady is turning from with affected disgust. Her countenance displays pride and ignorance, whilst that of the aunt is descriptive of surprise and distress, that her best efforts of hospitality should meet so ungracious a return. Upon an oak table is placed a plum-cake, baked in compliment to this gay visitor. The children are hiding behind the projecting parts of the room, or peeping slily at the haughty stranger. The decrepid grandmother is hobbling down stairs, whose homely appearance is not likely to add much to the comfort of this new inmate.—We are much pleased to see this dramatic style of art cultivated by our young artists. The admired talents of Wilkie, it appears, have given rise to this branch, which promises to rival similar works of the Flemish and Dutch schools in the executive part, and to excel them in thought and expression.

42. *Othello, Desdemona, and Iago.*—Henry Munro.

Whatever praise or censure may be bestowed upon this picture, can avail nothing to him whose mind conceived, or whose hand painted, thus feelingly the Othello and Desdemona of our great bard. But to his family, his friends, and to all who regard the arts, this personification of the poet will ever be remembered as a monument of the great abilities of this young artist, whom death has prematurely taken to the tomb. Beauty, innocence, and chastity adorn the countenance of Desdemona, which is

finely contrasted with the disturbed visage of the jealous Moor. One of the highest qualities of art, expression, is carried far in this composition. The colouring is rich and pure, and the penciling firm. Indeed, so much talent is exhibited in this picture, that the country may deplore the loss of this youth of promise.

(To be continued.)

Plate 22.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The first church erected in the British metropolis, and dedicated to St. Paul, is said to have been founded early in the seventh century by Ethelbert, King of Kent, who made it the seat of a bishop, which dignity he conferred on one of the companions of St. Augustine, deputed by Pope Gregory the Great to convert the English to the Christian faith. Its revenues were augmented by the grants of his successors and other opulent persons; but in 1086 this structure was destroyed by fire, together with the greatest part of the city. Scarcely was it rebuilt when a second conflagration, in 1135, which ravaged the whole of the city from London bridge to the church of the Danes, destroyed the new cathedral. It was a considerable time before it again rose from its ruins; the steeple having been finished in 1222, and the church itself in 1283. On the 1st February, 1444, the steeple was set on fire by lightning; a similar accident befel it on the 4th June, 1561, when the whole of the spire was consumed, together with the roof of the church. Queen Elizabeth issued orders for the speedy repair of the mischief, for which purpose she herself gave 1000 marks of gold and 1000 load of timber. Animated by the royal example, the citizens of London, the clergy, and great officers contributed upwards of £6700; by which the chapter was enabled to restore the roof, but the rebuilding of the steeple was not attempted till 1620. At that time, however, various circumstances concurred to frustrate the design; but in 1631 a new commission was issued for the prosecution of the work, towards which many of the nobility and gentry largely contributed. Inigo Jones commenced the projected repairs and improvements, for which upwards of £100,000 was received between the years 1631 and 1643. The walls and roof were now covered with lead: but this church shared the fate of other sacred edifices during the destructive civil wars. The revenues of the dean and chapter were seized by the parliament; the stalls in the choir were taken away, the marble pavement torn up, the monuments defaced, and saw-pits dug in the church, which was frequently converted into quarters for horse-soldiers, and in many places suffered to tumble down for want of repair. Such was the state of the edifice at the Restoration, and such it remained, till the dreadful conflagration of 1666 once more reduced it to a heap of ruins.

This church was in the form of a long cross; the materials chiefly

stone and timber, with lead. In the middle of the roof was a stately spire of 274 feet, standing upon a tower of 260, so that the total height was 534 feet. The length of the building was 690 feet, the breadth 130, and the area of the ground-plot three acres and a half. This is the account of Dugdale, from which, however, that of Stow considerably differs. According to the latter, the total altitude of the steeple was only 520 feet, but the length of the church he states at 720.

It was on the ruins of this church that the present magnificent edifice was erected. In 1674 letters patent were issued under the great seal, authorizing commissioners to manage the great work, and appointing Sir Christopher Wren to prepare a suitable design. The architect, finding a concurrent desire in persons of all ranks for magnificence and grandeur, endeavoured to gratify the public taste with a well studied design, conformable with the best style of the Greek and Roman architecture. Of this design he caused a large and elegant model in wood to be made, with all its proper ornaments, and presented it to the king; but it was disapproved by the bishops as not being sufficiently ecclesiastical. The architect was therefore ordered to amend his plan, and at length produced the scheme of the present structure, which was honoured with his Majesty's approbation. It is well known, that Sir Christopher set by far the highest value on his first design, which was of one order only, the Corinthian, like that of St. Peter's at Rome. This original model, for which he received an hundred guineas, is still preserved in one of the upper apartments of the cathedral. This great work was commenced in 1675, and the last stone on the top of the lantern was laid in 1710; so that this mighty fabric was begun and finished by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one principal mason, Mr. Strong; and under one bishop of London, Doctor Henry Compton. The expence amounted to £736,752, great part of which sum was raised by a duty on coal imported into the metropolis.

St. Paul's, the chief ornament of the British capital, and the cathedral of the see of London, stands in the centre and most elevated part of the city, between Cheapside on the east, and Ludgate-street on the west. It is built of fine Portland stone, in the form of a cross; and over the spot where the lines of that figure intersect each other rises a stately dome, 108 feet in diameter, from the top of which springs a lantern, adorned with Corinthian columns. On the lantern rests a gilded ball, surmounted by a cross, which is also gilded, and crowns the ornaments of the edifice. On the outside of the building are two ranges of coupled pilasters, consisting of 120 each; the lower range of the Corinthian order, and the upper of the Composite. The spaces between the arches of the windows and the architrave of the lower order are filled with a great variety of curious enrichments, as are also those above. The church is adorned with three porticoes; one at the principal entrance facing the west, and the two others facing the

north and south, at the extremities of the cross aisle, and corresponding in their architecture.

The west front, of which a representation is given in our engraving, is a specimen of grandeur and elegance perhaps equal to any thing of the kind in the world. The portico consists of twelve lofty Corinthian columns below, and eight of the Composite order, supporting a noble pediment crowned with acroteria. This pediment is embellished with the history of the conversion of St. Paul, boldly carved in basso relievo by Bird, for which the artist received £650. The majestic figure of St. Paul on the apex of the pediment, with St. Peter on his right and St. James on his left, have a fine effect. The four Evangelists, with their proper emblems, on the front of the towers, are likewise very judiciously disposed and well executed. St. Matthew is distinguished by an angel, St. Mark by a lion, St. Luke by an ox, and St. John by an eagle. The ascent to this entrance is by a flight of 22 steps of black marble, running the whole length of the portico; and at each corner of the west front is a beautiful turret.

The portico at the northern entrance consists of a dome supported by six Corinthian columns, with an ascent of twelve circular steps of black marble. On the pediment, the royal arms, with the regalia, are beautifully embossed, and the statues of five of the apostles are placed at proper distances, to relieve the sight. The opposite portico is similar, except that the ascent consists of 25 steps, the ground on that side being proportionably lower. On the pediment is the appropriate device of a Phœnix rising out of the flames, and underneath, the word RESURGAM. It was probably suggested by a circumstance which occurred at the very beginning of this great work, and which was particularly remarked as a favourable omen by Sir Christopher Wren. When he had himself set out the dimensions of the intended building and fixed upon the centre of the dome, a common labourer was ordered to bring him a stone, the first he should meet with from among the rubbish, to leave as a mark for the masons. The stone which was brought and laid down for the purpose happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but the single word RESURGAM, in large capitals. On this side of the building are also five statues.

On the exterior of the dome, 20 feet above the roof of the church, is a circular range of 32 columns, with niches, placed exactly against others within. These are terminated by their entablature, supporting a handsome gallery, adorned with a stone balustrade. Above the columns last mentioned is a range of pilasters, with windows between them; and from the entablature of these the diameter of the dome gradually decreases.

The dome itself is supported by eight stupendous columns; the butment, rising to the height of five feet, is of brick, and for security is surrounded by a vast iron chain, strongly linked together at every 10 feet. This chain is let into a channel cut into the bandage of Portland stone, and defended from the weather by a groove filled with lead. As the whole church

above the vaulting is covered with a substantial oak roof and lead, so the architect concealed the brick cone from sight by an exterior cupola of those materials.

It would far exceed our limits were we to enter here upon a description of the interior of this extraordinary edifice, or an explanation of the admirable contrivances displayed in its construction. To this part of the subject before us we shall probably have an opportunity of recurring in the course of our work.

The dimensions of this fabric are as follow:—

	Feet.
Length from east to west within the walls	510
From north to south within the doors of the porticoes	282
Circuit	2292
Height from the level of the ground	440
Breadth of the west entrance	100
Height of ditto to the top of the pediment	120
Circumference of the dome	430
Height of the towers of the west front	287

The area of the ground-plot occupied by this edifice is 2 acres 16 perches: but with the church-yard occupies 6 acres. This space is railed round with iron balustrades, placed upon a dwarf wall of hewn stone: at the west end of it, opposite to the principal entrance, is a marble statue of Queen Anne, surrounded with emblematical figures, representing Great Britain, France, Ireland, and America.

Various are the objections which have been urged against this cathedral, notwithstanding its magnificence. Its situation is such that it cannot be viewed at a distance. The division of the porticoes and the whole structure into two stories externally, would seem to indicate a like division within. The dome, it has also been observed, is too large in proportion to the rest of the fabric, and ought to have been raised exactly in the centre of the building; besides which, there ought to have been two steeples at the east end, to correspond with those at the west. In spite, however, of all these complaints, it is universally admitted, that the grandeur of the design, and the beauty and elegance of the proportions in general, justly entitle St. Paul's to rank among the noblest edifices of the modern world.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The tenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-Colours, is expected to open with additional variety and increased interest. The public will be pleased to hear, that Mr. Glover has resumed his water-colours. He will exhibit this year many beautiful pictures in both styles. Mr. Cristall and many of the old members of the society have been making great exertions; and there will be a series of interior views of the favourite buildings in Oxford, by Mackenzie and Pugin, finished in so minute and exquisite a manner, as to form quite a new era in the art.

Mr. Richard Brown, architect, is preparing for the press, *The Principles of Practical Perspective,* or *Scenographic Projection;* containing various rules for delineating designs on plane surfaces, and taking views from nature, by the most easy and simple methods; also instructions for shadowing and colouring. The whole treated in a manner calculated to make the science of perspective easy of attainment to every capacity; exemplified on fifty plates, royal quarto, with appropriate descriptive letter-press. The work will be published in four parts, the first of which will appear on the 1st of May.

The *History of Edisbury,* by George Ormerod, of Charlton, Esq. M. A. and F. S. A. is withdrawn as a distinct publication, and will appear in its proper place, as part of *A History of the County Palatine and City of Chester,* by the same author, which will be published on the most ample scale of county history, in parts, forming three volumes in folio, with a very considerable number of engravings on wood and copper. With the exception of King's *Vale Royal* and Leycester's *Cheshire Antiquities,* of which a reprint will be incorporated, and the matter of many rare tracts connected with the subject; the work will be wholly founded on, and contain references to, MS. authorities; and will combine whatsoever is to be found in the manuscript papers of Erdswick, Leycester, Chaloner, Booth, Bostock, Williamson, and Randle Holmes; all which, residence in the county and diligent research have brought within the author's immediate observation, either by minute local investigation, or inspection of private papers and public documents. The pedigrees, nearly three hundred in number, will be supplied by the Visitations and other authentic sources, corrected and enlarged by collation with original charters, and continued from the matter furnished by family deeds, wills, and parochial registers.

Mr. Hamilton Roche, of Sudbury, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, *A History of the Campaigns of the Marquis of Wellington, in Spain and Portugal;* embellished with numerous engravings, illustrative of the fields of battle, fortresses, citadels, and military works in the Peninsula; with correct likenesses of all the general officers of distinction. The whole will be arranged and carefully compiled from observation, as the author will proceed to Spain, for the purpose of acquiring all the information and incidents necessary to render this work a publication of merit; calculated to inspire with enthusiasm and confidence the rising military genius of Great Britain; exhibiting to her future warriors a faithful and imperishable detail of the most glorious achievements; deserving the patronage of a victorious and generous empire, and of being recorded for the emulation of posterity. The size of the work will be royal 4to. The author hopes to be able to submit it to the public on the 1st January, 1815, and pledges himself, that the price shall not exceed 30 guineas.

The same gentleman has in the press, an heroic poem, entitled *Russia.*

On the 31st of March, 1814, will

be published, in imperial and royal quarto, the first part of *The Thames*, being a picturesque delineation of the most beautiful scenery on the banks of that noble river, from its source to its confluence with the sea; engraved by W. B. Cooke and G. Cooke, from original drawings, made expressly for the work, by S. Owen, and other eminent artists. This work will comprise 104 views, and will be published in eight parts, which will appear at intervals of two months. The descriptions will be given at the conclusion of the work, in 8vo. only.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist is preparing for the press, *A Selection of Old Plays*, to be published in fifteen octavo volumes, with biographical notices, and notes critical and explanatory. This work, founded on Dodsley's Old Plays, edited by Mr. Isaac Reed, will be enriched by the accession of a very valuable collection, which has been forming during the last fifteen years, with a view to this particular purpose. In this collection there are many dramas *perfectly unique* and interesting, equally from their extreme rarity and literary merit. A careful collation of the various editions, where they exist, will be scrupulously resorted to, in order that the necessary illustration may not be unaccompanied by that which is by far the most important object, namely, a *correct text*. The work will be produced in a form correspondent with our best edition of Shakspeare, and with Mr. Gifford's editions of Massinger and Ben Jonson. The number to be printed will be very limited; a few copies will be thrown off on royal octavo.

In a former number we noticed, in a general manner, the success of various operations performed by Mr. Adams, the oculist, by order of the directors of Greenwich Hospital, on several of the pensioners, for the purpose of ascertaining the efficacy of his new modes of treatment for the cure of the various species of cataract and the Egyptian ophthalmia. From the official papers on this subject, published by order of the directors, it appears, that the operation for extraction performed on 24 eyes, previous to the employment of Mr. Adams, had produced the following results:—Eyes destroyed, 12; obliterated pupils, 4; gutta serena and secondary cataract, 3; opaque cornea and other diseased changes of the eye, 4; successful, 1. To this statement the result of Mr. Adams's operations forms a striking contrast. The first set of patients placed under his care, requiring 13 eyes to be operated upon, were all cured, with the exception of one man, a person of notoriously perverse character; and with eleven other patients, who replaced the former, he was equally successful, except in regard to two who had been previously couched by another oculist. In these last cases, as it appears from the report of the medical officers of the hospital, the want of success is to be attributed not to any failure of the operation, but to the diseased state of the optic nerve. "It is, however, very important," they say, "to have ascertained, by actual experiment, that even when the optic nerve has been so much diseased as to deter a former practitioner from operating, yet, by the removal

of the cataracts, and subjecting the eyes to a particular plan of discipline, their functions have been sufficiently recovered to afford useful, and sometimes almost perfect vision." They proceed to state, that the cures effected by Mr. Adams, prove, that a large proportion of persons afflicted with blindness, and hitherto considered incurable, are susceptible of relief from his new and improved operations and after-management of the eyes. They also inform us, that Mr. Adams has discovered a mode of curing the Egyptian ophthalmia, which has been successfully practised upon several of the pensioners, some of whom had been blind three or four years, and given up as incurable by the most eminent oculists; and conceive, that the promulgation of this important discovery, relative to that destructive and hitherto untractable disease, will be considered as a great national desideratum.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Muzio Clementi, by his Pupil, Louis Berger, of Berlin. Op. VII. Pr. 5s.

Lest this transcendent effort of harmonic combination fall into bungling hands, and be murdered out and out, we think it charitable to premise, that this sonata requires first-rate fingers to play it, and a first-rate musical head to relish, or even to understand it; for there are thousands of players in London to whom it will be nearly as unintelligible as the Chinese alphabet. Mr. Berger, by this sonata, has done the highest honour to the instruction of his master, Mr. Clementi, and has established his own rank among the few select composers of the present day. We have seldom seen such a treasure of real knowledge and genius employed with so unsparing, perhaps even too liberal a hand; for we think, by a little less close adherence to the fashion of the Beethoven school, this meritorious work would have gained in *general* favour. It would be utterly impossible to give, within the compass of our limits, any thing like a detail of the innumerable interesting portions and beauties of this incomparable sonata. We shall therefore just notice its several movements: the introduction is formed by an adagio in three flats, as original as it is truly sublime. Next comes an allegro in C minor, of an uncommonly fine motivo, but of its elaborate treatment we must forego the pleasure of speaking. The slow movement which follows, an adagio "patetico," is an absolute master-piece; and the rondo, which boasts of a very original minor theme, is of a piece with the excellency of the movements preceding. To performers well advanced in proficiency, and zealous to fathom the art in its full extent, this sonata presents an inexhaustible fund for practice and mental study, and to those we most strenuously recommend Mr. B.'s labour.

Grand Military Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. W. Cramer. Pr. 2s.

In this composition of Mr. Cramer's we find that correctness and aptness of harmony, that fullness of effect produced by an unwasteful adhibition of means, and that chaste

simplicity of expression, which are characteristic features of all his works. What in the sister art is called harmony of colouring, might be applied to Mr. C.'s musical labours. We are much pleased with the unaffected, yet imposing subject of the rondo; and its second part, in the first, and particularly the second lines, contains some very delicate ideas, exhibited in an exquisitely clever form. The modulations in the third page are replete with interest, and well contrasted by the sweet passage in C, in which the effect of the pedal is eminently happy. The same idea is thrown into G, in the fifth page, with equal success, and imitated in an allied minor mood. In the sixth page some further very ably devised digressive and modulatory evolutions intervene; and in the 7th and last page the subject is resumed, and made to be subservient to the final close. This is the right sort of music to form the learner's taste along with his fingers.

Leipsic Waltz, as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by T. Haigh. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The theme of this waltz is not unknown to us; nor do we think, if we understand the title rightly, that the author presents it as original. But even confining our observations to what evidently is attributable to Mr. H.'s own share in this piece, there is great room for commendation. Every thing is arranged with great propriety, and with due attention to both harmonic correctness and executive ease. This little rondo, therefore, may be well recommended as a fit lesson to pupils, whom it will equally amuse and instruct.

A favourite Air by Rode, with Variations for a Flute and Piano-Forte, by F. Eley. Pr. 2s.

In this composition, both the above-named instruments have alternately *obligato* portions assigned to them; and the flute part requires a player of some proficiency to give due effect to the author's labour, which is of a nature to demand our warmest commendation. The variations are perfectly worthy of their parent, the beautiful theme. They betray a rich and cultivated taste, guided by thorough knowledge and compositorial experience. The first variation for the flute is charming, especially in its second part. Equally commendable is the chaste simplicity of the slower movement of var. 3; and its fine transition into E minor and B minor, in the first and second parts, cannot fail to interest true musical feeling. After a well linked flow of piano-forte passages in the fourth variation, a very interesting coda, principally sustained by the flute, winds up the whole with great effect.

Mr. Braham's Music in the favourite Serio-comic Opera of Narensky, or the Road to Yaroslaf, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by the Author. Pr. 12s.

In this selection are contained four songs of Mr. Braham, two of Mrs. Dickons, two duets for both, and a trio, in which, besides these two celebrated singers, Miss Kelly is honoured with a part. The cultivated taste and sweet simplicity which prevail in Mr. Braham's compositions, are more or less conspicuous in all these pieces, and we do not hesitate to declare, that

every one has its peculiar claim to the favour of vocal amateurs. Among those which preferably excited our attention, we select No. 1. *Forget me not*, sung by Mr. Braham. This is a melody of much genuine feeling, unaffected, yet highly impressive. It is, however, not wholly free from error: the G (voice) *p*. 2, *l*. 2, *b*. 3, should be D; and the next succeeding minor episode contains an objectionable harmonic progression; the author, in *l*. 3, *b*. 3, entering $\overset{7}{\text{B}}$ without sufficient preparation, and leaving that seventh without due solution. In Mrs. Dickons's song, No. 4, *Don't believe them*, we observe an original cast of character, and the expression of the preceding three words (*p*. 14,) appears to us infinitely appropriate and happy. The echo song, No. 5, *In this Cottage my Father once dwelt*, is pathetic and affecting; and the echo well expressed, although the idea of a man's being his own echo, puts us in mind of the ventriloquism of the Sieur Charles. No. 6, *When thy Bosom heaves the Sigh*, is a bravura duet between Mr. B. and Mrs. Dickons. The effect of the wind-instrument, in the soft and harmonious melody of the first movement, is well calculated; and the spirited and neat motivo of the succeeding quick movement, acts in good contrast with the slow and steady progress of the former. No 7, *The Bird for freedom pines*, a bravura of Mrs. Dickons, derives its leading merit from the bold and excellent theme of its allegro, which Mr. B. has made the best use of, to form a shewy and vigorous medium for the display of Mrs. D.'s powers; not omitting the conclusion, which, both as to voice and energetic instrumental support, is brought on with skill and striking brilliancy. The trio, "Love binds the brow of Youth with flowers," is of an easy and agreeable cast; and we should have to commend the description of bass assigned to the third voice in the minor part, *p*. 41, were it not that, in its coincidences with the upper voices, occasional discords make their appearance, which cannot avail themselves of the licence that passing notes may be indulged with.

The Overture and Music in "The Farmer's Wife," a Comic Opera in three Acts, as performed with the highest applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 10s. 6d.

In the greatest portion of the vocal pieces contained in this publication, we observe a high degree of chaste melody, much variety of character, and many scientific contrivances. To mention a few of the instances, which appear to us entitled to one or other of these encomiums, we shall begin with the quartett, *Oh! how sweet the opening day*. This is a very pretty glee; its subject, as well as the progress of the rest of the melody, is full of placid simplicity, the parts are well arranged, and one or two neat transitions give it additional relief. Miss Stephens' song (*p*. 29), *Trifler, forbear*, likewise deserves great praise; the opening symphony and the short recitative are of a superior order; and in the succeeding polacca we have to applaud, besides its attractive motivo, the changes of key in the portions in C and E b. All these, as well as the conclusion, are managed in the best taste. Miss Matthews'

song, *Weave, oh! weave me Garlands gay*, appears to us the best in the whole collection; at least, in point of science and select thoughts (some of which, it is true, are not new), it bears the palm over the others. We were much pleased with the neat and unlooked-for transition to A minor, *p.* 32, *l.* 2; also the part in the four flats, and the succeeding phrase in five flats, belonging to the higher order of compositions, although the author enters the former in rather an awkward manner. The quick movement, *p.* 35, in the waltz style, possesses much elegance and pleasing simplicity. What we particularly approve is, the idea of beginning in the midst of this motivo and only giving it complete in the subsequent repetition. Mr. Sinclair's ballad, *Love has Eyes*, is a pretty trifle; and the passage at "In one soft look," &c. although not original, is particularly neat as far as the music goes; but its metre clashes with that of the text, so that the word "lies" obtains rather a droll emphasis. Miss Matthews' second song, *Fi donc, fi donc, ah! mon Ami*, likewise of the playful kind, has an agreeable narrative melody, and the burden, not new, suits the text well. We have said nothing of the overture, although we should have to speak very highly of the allegro, were it Mr. Bishop's property, but it is little more than a most copious selection from the overture to the *Magic Flute*, or rather, a kind of parody of that master-piece.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos, for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. XVII. Pr. 2s.

The late Mr. Gildon is the author of this number, which contains a rondo entitled *L'Asphodele.* The music is agreeable, the successive portions are connected together in a natural and satisfactory manner, and the whole forms a useful and entertaining exercise of the lighter cast, without being conspicuous for originality or selectness of thought.

A Collection of popular Airs, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Samuel Wesley. No. III. Pr. 2s.

The air of *Patty Kavannah* forms the subject of this number of Mr. Wesley's collection; and we are bound to add, that in the arrangement of the harmonies, as well as in the invention and contrivance of the variations, Mr. W. has not been sparing of that contrapuntal skill and sterling science which he possesses in so eminent a degree. As vouchers to our assertion, we shall refer our readers to *pp.* 3 and 6, where they will, with us, do justice to the author's superior management of his basses. In the fine minore, *p.* 4, and in the concluding page, they will meet with a rich display of select harmony, and have to admire more than one instance of good counterpoint. In the latter page, that part which assigns the theme to the left hand, claims distinct and honourable mention.

"Fin ch' an dal Vino," a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by W. A. Mozart. Pr. 1s.

The unknown author of the variations to this mirthful theme of Mozart's, might safely have affixed his name to his labour. The variations are conceived in a tasteful

style; their character is duly diversified; they are easy of execution, yet by no means common-place. We therefore recommend them to the student with much pleasure.

A Selection of the most popular Melodies of the Tyne and the Wear, consisting of Twenty-four Original Airs, peculiar to the Counties of Durham and Northumberland, arranged for the Piano-Forte, by Robert Topliff. Pr. 15s.

From an attentive perusal of the volume before us, we are enabled to bear witness to the care and labour employed by the author to render this publication entertaining to musical amateurs in general, and especially to those who feel local predilections for the national melodies it contains. With a due attention to variety, some of the airs are exhibited as rondos, others as glees, others as dances, and several as themes with variations; and, to render the whole complete, the original poetry of all is given at the end of the work. Among the numerous variations engrafted upon the first air, "Weel may the keel row," the second variation, and the neat minor variation, No. 8, claim preferable distinction. The air, "Dol li A," altogether an original minor theme, is cleverly harmonized; and the variations do Mr. T. much credit, especially the bass of var. 2. The glee, "Life's Journey," is likewise ably arranged; the symphony is tasteful, and the vocal parts are contrived with every attention requisite to produce a pleasing and connected harmony. Our limits do not admit of our entering into an enumeration of other meritorious portions of this comprehensive publication; nor will we, from the same reason, draw up a catalogue of such parts or passages against which we feel ground for critical censure. The 10th and 17th pages are any thing but commendable; and in more than one instance have we met with faulty harmonies, which, although perhaps more excusable in a work of such extent, would, we are convinced, have been avoided with the adhibition of careful attention in the revisal.

"The Fairy Song," set to Music by W. Grosse, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, for the Benefit of the Distressed near Leipsic. Pr. 1s. 6d.

There is a peculiar *naïveté* and fanciful style of expression in the sprightly melody of this vocal trifle, much resembling in character a boat song of Hurka's; and this peculiarity of style is eminently assisted by the purposely chosen monotonous accompaniment of the piano-forte in the droning manner of a hurdy-gurdy. But the musical value is the least merit of this publication. It is the patriotic offering of a worthy native of Germany, whose benevolent heart felt for the sufferings of his brave countrymen; and who, anxious to contribute towards their relief, resorted to this means of accomplishing so laudable a purpose, pledging himself, in an advertisement, to appropriate the produce of the sale to the assistance of the distressed inhabitants of his native town, Dessau, and to account for the same in the public papers. Any exhortation towards furthering so noble an object, would be a libel

on British generosity; it will be sufficient to state, that the *Fairy Song* is to be had of Mr. Grosse, *No. 14, Prince's-Row, Warwick-Row, Pimlico*, and at all the principal music-shops.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

WAR IN FRANCE.

We have to resume our narrative of the operations of the allied armies, from the first week in February. The city of Troyes had been entered by the advance of Prince Schwarzenberg's army on the 9th of that month; and on the same day Nogent was the head-quarters of Bonaparte, who appeared to be in full retreat towards Paris.

Of Marshal Blücher's movements we could not in our last give any satisfactory account subsequently to his victory at La Rothiere; we merely noticed his arrival at Plancy on the Aube on the 6th Feb. It now appears, that, after the above-mentioned battle, Blücher's army separated from that of Prince Schwarzenberg, and drew by forced marches towards the Marne, with the design of approaching Paris in the direction of that river, while Schwarzenberg should proceed against that city along the Seine. This separation itself was not only judicious, but probably necessary, from the difficulty of procuring supplies for both armies when united. But the angle of these two lines of operations was too contracted. The armies were too near each other to act as separate bodies, and too distant to act in junction. With Bonaparte between both, his wings might nearly reach both, and he might, with the same troops, operate upon both at very short intervals. This turned out to be the case; and, in addition to the objections against the plan itself, there were errors in its execution. The army of Blücher, instead of advancing towards Paris on this new line, in as close a chain as possible, was on the 10th of February so extended, that its head under Sacken was at La Ferté sous Jouarre, General York at Chateau Thierry, an intermediate division under General Alsufieff at Champaubert, and Blücher himself with Langeron's corps at Vertus, thus stretching over upwards of 30 miles of country.

Bonaparte, aware of this error, and of the danger to Paris, broke up from Nogent on the 9th of February; on the day following his advance cut right through the line of Blücher's army, and fell upon Alsufieff's division. That general, with but 4000 men under him, defended himself for some time against an overwhelming superiority; but at last the greatest part of his men were either killed, wounded, or taken, and about 1600 men escaped and joined Blücher. Alsufieff himself remained a prisoner. Von York and Sacken, on learning this irruption on their rear, turned about, joined, and marched on Montmirail. Here a severe action ensued on the 11th, in which the two allied chiefs made head against very superior numbers, but found it impossible to break through the enemy, who

had interposed between them and Blücher. They therefore retreated in good order upon Chateau Thierry, although pursued by several corps, led by French marshals, and followed by Bonaparte in person. At Chateau Thierry, Sacken and York passed the Marne (12th), destroyed the bridge, and, by circuitous routes, withdrew towards Chalons.

On the 13th, Marshal Mortier, having repaired the bridge, began pursuing York and Sacken's corps; and the same day Bonaparte arrived at Chateau Thierry, with an intent to follow in the same direction; but he was on the same evening recalled by new events to Montmirail.

Blücher, with the two corps of Kleist and Langeron, had broken up from Vertus on the 13th, to attack the corps of Marmont, which Bonaparte had left at Etoges, to observe the Prussian marshal.—Marmont fell back, fighting, as far as nearly to Montmirail, where, on the 14th, he was joined by Bonaparte and his guards, and a great body of cavalry, who, by a forced night march, had come from Chateau Thierry. A desperate combat now ensued, in which Blücher not only had to oppose a vastly superior enemy, but to cut his way through great bodies of hostile cavalry and infantry, by making a retreat in formed squares, over an extent of four leagues. In this manner, and with a loss of about 3500 men, Blücher regained his former position near Vertus in the first instance, and afterwards Chalons, where, on the 16th, the corps of York and Sacken arrived also, and where the Silesian army (whose aggregate loss during these actions is admitted at 13,000 men *hors de combat*, was forthwith put under reorganization.

It is not likely that Bonaparte would have left Blücher undisturbed, even at Chalons, had he not again been recalled, in order once more to face, with the same troops, another enemy in a different quarter. The force which he had left on the Seine, under Victor and Oudinot, to observe Prince Schwarzenberg's movements, was too weak to act with any effect, even on the defensive. The generalissimo moved from Troyes on the 10th, Nogent and Sens were taken by storm, and the enemy's forces on the left bank of the Seine retired to the right, after destroying the bridges. General Wrede, nevertheless, effected his passage, and marched upon Provias; the corps under the Prince of Wirtemberg, Bianchi, and Giulay, with more or less resistance, crossed at Bray and Montereau. On the 16th of February, the head-quarters of Prince Schwarzenberg were advanced to Bray, and on the 17th Fontainebleau was taken by Colonel Hardegg and Platoff; and on the same day, the advance of the grand army, under Generals Wrede and Wittgenstein, had gone as far as Nangis, about 40 miles from Paris.

But here too the opportune arrival of Napoleon with his guards changed the aspect of affairs. On the day before, he had reached Guignes on the Yeres; and on the 17th the enemy resumed the offensive. Wittgenstein's corps was furiously attacked at Nangis, and compelled to retreat with great loss. The remainder of the allied

forces, that had crossed the Seine, now retired to the left bank; and on the 18th the enemy pursued them across the river with more or less resistance, in different quarters, but with the greatest opposition at Montereau, where the corps of the Prince of Wirtemberg, after an obstinate combat of many hours, was at last compelled to yield, likewise, to superiority of numbers.

On the 21st, the French head-quarters were again at Nogent, and on the 23d Bonaparte appeared before the city of Troyes. In consequence of the threat of securing their retreat by means of burning the town, the allies obtained a capitulation, according to which they evacuated it unmolested in the night of the 23-24th, and Bonaparte entered the next day. Here, after making an *ex post facto* decree for the occasion, against persons convicted of having worn the badges of the ancient dynasty, the tyrant shot a poor emigrant officer, who, during the stay of the allies, had worn his cross of St Lewis.

Meanwhile Blücher, after resting his army but a few days at Chalons, and collecting every reinforcement within reach, had set out to join the army of Prince Schwarzenberg. On the 21st of February, he had scarcely arrived at Mery upon the Seine, and relieved Wittgenstein's corps, when that town was attacked by two corps from the opposite side, without any farther result than that the town itself fell a prey to the flames, although Blücher maintained his position. Why the marshal had come thus far south to join Prince Schwarzenberg, and why, after having effected the junction, he almost immediately again separated, and marched north-west, has not been explained in the reports. But before we follow him on this fresh expedition, we shall just add, that his short stay tended to cover Prince Schwarzenberg's retrograde movement, which was continued as far as the Aube, the head-quarters being withdrawn as far in the rear as to Chaumont.

It is probable that the following considerations may have influenced the change of plan in Blücher's operations. Bulow's, Woronzow's, and Winzingerode's several corps were fast approaching from the north, and a detachment of the latter's force had already advanced as far as Rheims and Soissons, and had taken this last town by assault, and its garrison, of upwards of 2000 men, prisoners. It was desirable to obviate any hindrance in the progress of these detached reinforcements, by coming to their assistance; and Blücher, on the other hand, by joining all of them to his former force, would gain a most imposing army, would, as soon as the junction was effected, change front, and operate from the northward against Paris, a direction far more eligible than the one before chosen, it being almost facing the direction of Prince Schwarzenberg's line; so that now Bonaparte would no longer be able to act with the same troops against both armies: and, IF *both were really and equally* desirous of penetrating to Paris, the probability of one or the other accomplishing this object was greatly increased.

With these views, in all likeli-

hood, Blücher broke up from his position at Mery on the 23d of February, crossed the Aube the next day near Anglure, and marched across the country towards La Ferté Gaucher. At his approach, Marmont's corps withdrew to La Ferté sous Jouarre, on the Marne, where it was joined by the corps of Mortier, who had been previously at Chateau Thierry, to observe Winzingerode.

By a skilful demonstration upon Meaux, which menaced the communication of the enemy with Paris, Blücher compelled him to evacuate La Ferté sous Jouarre, and crossed the Marne at and near the latter place with all his army and without opposition on the 28th of February. Meanwhile, Bonaparte, having learnt the movement of Blücher, once more broke up from Troyes (the 27th) with the flower of his army, leaving a very *inefficient* force to observe Prince Schwarzenberg, and marched after Blücher; who, on Napoleon's arrival on the Marne, 1st March, was a march beyond it, in the direction of Soissons. This town had previously been retaken by the French; but by the opportune arrival of the corps of Bulow, the allies fortunately recovered the position, and it served as the point of concentration for all the corps destined to act under Blücher. On the 3d March, the corps of Winzingerode from Rheims, that of Woronzow from Rethel, and that of Bulow from Laon, were severally amalgamated at Soissons with Blücher's army, which now extended from that town along the Aisne as far as Craone. On the next day Bonaparte arrived on the Aisne, and on the 5th he attempted to force a passage at Soissons. Baffled in this endeavour with great loss, he defiled the principal part of his army to the right, and on the 6th succeeded in crossing the river higher up, at Béry le Bec. On the 7th he attacked the left wing of Blücher's army at Craone under Winzingerode. That general defended his post with the greatest obstinacy, but was at last obliged to retire towards Laon. The whole of Blücher's army in consequence took up a new position, in an excellent commanding situation, immediately in front of Laon. On the 9th Bonaparte appeared before it with 80,000 men, and commenced a general attack, which continued during the whole of the next day. This contest may be considered as the second great battle fought on French soil. Our limits do not admit of even an abstract of its principal features. Suffice it to say, that on the 9th Blücher's whole line was assailed simultaneously. On the right and centre he gained no other advantage than that of maintaining his ground; but on the left wing, where the brave York and Sacken fought, the discomfiture of the enemy was complete. There and in his retreat he lost 48 pieces of cannon and 5 to 6000 prisoners. As the official reports in our possession do not go further than the 11th, we cannot say much of the effects of this victory, beyond the bare fact, that, the night before, Bonaparte resolved upon a general retreat in the direction of Soissons, and that the allied cavalry, in pursuit, had made many captures of men and stores.

But we had a right to expect great events on the Seine during this protracted absence of the flower of the French army in so distant a quarter, especially when we consider, that the force Napoleon had left behind to observe the grand army of probably 80,000 men, was at the utmost 30,000 strong. Our hopes, however, have been sorely disappointed. All that the army of Prince Schwarzenberg has done from the end of February to the 11th or 12th of March, is to reoccupy the ground it had previously lost between the Aube and the Seine, and to push its head-quarters once more to Troyes. In this insignificant forward movement, it occasionally encountered some resistance, and two or three affairs occurred which cost from 2 to 3000 men, but which we do not think it worth while to notice in detail. The head-quarters remained inactively at Troyes during the precious time that the brave Prussians and Russians spilt for the good cause torrents of blood at Soissons, Rheims, Craone, and Laon; and, according to the latest advices, Prince Schwarzenberg had even left Troyes and moved sideways towards Chalons.

That all this cannot but give rise to serious doubts as to the accomplishment of the downfall of the tyrant, we will not deny; and we are inclined to believe, that such an event lies beyond the plan of Austria, and that it is owing to a wish to preserve Bonaparte on his usurped throne, that more attention has not hitherto been paid to the situation of the Bourbon princes. One of them, Monsieur, has arrived at Vesoul, and, if we are to credit the official accounts from his party, has been hailed by the inhabitants of the departments he traversed, and by the people of Vesoul, as the brother of their lawful sovereign.

Another cause for wonder presents itself, in the tardy progress of the Crown Prince of Sweden. Instead of hastening to the scene of active operations in the heart of France, and of contributing the powerful assistance of his talents and of his Swedes towards the overthrow of the villain who publicly proclaimed him an intriguer, a traitor, and a maniac, Charles Jean has tarried a fortnight at Cologne; and although at last arrived at Liege, on the 27th Feb. our last advices still report him in that city. Supposing his Swedes to be *necessarily* so much in the rear, why not leave a proper officer to conduct and speed their march, and at least appear in person on the theatre of the great actions performing in his own country?

On the south-eastern frontier of France, Bonaparte has also had sufficient success to revive his fallen hopes. Augereau, who at Lyons had arrested the progress of Count Bubna's invasive operations, received considerable reinforcements from the south of France, and especially from Suchet's army, in the first half of February; so that, on or about the 18th of that month, he was enabled to commence offensive operations with an army of 25,000 men. It seems, that this force spread itself in three directions; one column, proceeding against Savoy, repossessed itself of Chamberri; another, acting along the

Saone, recovered Macon, Bourg, and Lons le Saunier (where Augereau's head-quarters were on the 2d March); and a third column, manœuvring against Swisserland, had appeared in sight of Geneva, and, if French accounts may be credited, had actually taken that city. This progress against his flank and rear, had obliged Prince Schwarzenberg to detach the corps of Count Bianchi to the support of General Bubna; and an official bulletin, without giving the details, informs us, that Bianchi had succeeded in defeating Augereau at Macon.

During all this period, and up to the latest advices, the negociations at Chatillon between Caulaincourt on one side, and the allied plenipotentiaries on the other (including Lord Castlereagh, who remains still in France), have proceeded without any apparent interruption; but we are as ignorant of the topics discussed as we feel indifferent on the subject, excepting the fear we still entertain of a peace, which would establish a murderer in the rank of lawful and acknowledged sovereigns.

ITALY.

The reception among the latter of King Murat (mentioned with doubts in our last), is but too fully confirmed. He has announced it to the world himself, in a short and curious manifesto, dated 17th Jan. When we weigh all the circumstances of this singular event, and consider the permission, nay, the advice, which a twelvemonth ago Bonaparte had given to Denmark to make terms for herself with the allies, we are inclined to believe, that the two brothers-in-law understand each other perfectly with regard to this apparent defection. Be this as it may, the troops of Murat have entered the Papal territories (19th Jan.); established a provisional government at Rome (24th); and have, in their farther progress northward, occupied Florence.

On the 22d Jan. 6000 of them joined the Austrians at Ferrara; and General Bellegarde having previously had a personal interview with Murat, began to put his troops in motion in the commencement of February. With the Neapolitans marching on his flank and rear, Eugene Beauharnois was compelled to abandon the positions on the Adige, which he had hitherto so well maintained, and to fall back upon the Mincio. Thither Gen. Bellegarde followed him with the Austrian army as far as Valeggio, where, on the 8th Feb. a very severe contest ensued. A great number of men was lost on both sides, without any very decisive result; since the subsequent retreat of Beauharnois arose more from the demonstrations of the Neapolitans against his rear, than from defeat. Owing to the same cause, the French head-quarters have since still further retrograded; and it is probable, that, thus assailed, Beauharnois will successively be compelled to abandon the greatest part of northern Italy.

Beyond the Adriatic, the allied arms have continued successful. On the 8th of January the important forts of Cattaro surrendered to the British Captain Hoste, R. N.; and, on the 29th of the same month, the Austrian troops, under General Tomassich, obtained by capitula-

tion possession of the forts and city of Ragusa.

SPAIN AND LORD WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

In addition to the measures adopted by the Spanish government on the extraordinary occasion of the treaty entered into between Bonaparte and King Ferdinand, the Cortes, in the contemplation of the possibility of Ferdinand's returning to Spain under Bonaparte's auspices and influence, have passed a solemn decree, on the 2d February; of which, as our limits forbid even an abstract, we shall only say, that it provides every desirable safeguard to the Spanish nation in case of such an event; and that, should the king present himself in the country, it will render it impossible for him to receive the reins of government, except on terms strictly consonant with the interests of the Spanish nation.

As we anticipated in our last, Lord Wellington has opened the campaign in the south of France in the middle of February; and although we know little more beyond the operations at the very outset, every thing promises the most brilliant and decisive events to our arms, provided they be not paralyzed by the peace we still dread. The operations commenced on the right wing. On the 14th, Sir R. Hill drove in the enemy's picquets on the Joyeuse river, and forced General Harispe to retire from Hellette to St. Martin; and at the same time part of General Mina's Spanish troops formed the blockade of St. Jean Pied de Port. On the 15th, Sir R. Hill pursued the enemy to Garris, where Harispe was joined to General Paris' division, which was recalled from its march for the interior. On this day the second English division, under Sir William Stewart, and the Spanish division of General Murillo, attacked and drove the French, with loss, from their position near St. Palais, where they retired across the Bidousse during that night. On the 16th, Sir R. Hill crossed that river, and on the 17th he drove the enemy across the Gave de Mouleon. From this they were also driven, and on the 18th our troops were established on the Gave d'Oleron. After this operation, Lord Wellington returned to his left wing under Sir John Hope, which, according to a bold conception, was to cross the Adour between Bayonne and the sea. That this has been happily accomplished, we may anticipate from a dispatch of Admiral Penrose, which details the extraordinary exertions of our navy, in getting over the bar of the Adour the ships' boats intended to ferry over that part of our army. That arduous task was executed with a very trifling loss of lives on the 23d and 24th Feb.

HOLLAND.

A proclamation of the "Sovereign Prince of the United Netherlands," dated the 2d of March, announces to the Dutch nation the completion of a constitutional code for their future government, and directs the meeting of 600 deputies from all the provinces, to be opened at Amsterdam on the 28th of March, and the mode of their election. To this national assembly of "Notables," the constitutional code will be submitted for deliberation and decision.

The failure of Sir Thomas Graham's enterprize upon Antwerp, mentioned in our last, has been followed by a much more disastrous attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. This almost impregnable masterpiece of Cohorn's was, without any breaching or previous preparation whatsoever, to be taken by a *coup de main* in the night of the 8-9th of March, under the immediate command of Major-General Coote. The attack was made in four columns, and was attended in the first instance with much success. Two of the columns penetrated into the fortress, and obtained possession of the ramparts, with very little loss. But the left column, having fallen into disorder, in consequence of having lost its principal leaders, and the right being weakened, by the loss of a detachment of the 1st guards, which was cut off by the enemy, the resistance was renewed with fresh vigour. Towards daylight, the troops which held possession of the Antwerp gate, retired from that important point, and the greater part of the force remaining in the place was obliged to surrender, after making a gallant resistance.

On the 10th of March, an agreement was concluded with General Bizanet, the French governor, for the liberation of the prisoners; and all men, not wounded severely, were sent in consequence to the British cantonments, to be embarked for England, on condition not to serve until exchanged.

Our avowed loss was 300 men killed, and 1800 prisoners, including a great number of wounded. The number of officers killed and wounded were as follows:—Two generals, 12 field officers, 20 captains, 29 lieutenants, and 23 ensigns. We doubt whether the military annals of Great Britain have on record any event proportionally more calamitous, even including the misfortune at Buenos Ayres, to which, in result, the disaster at Bergen-op-Zoom bears a great resemblance.

DOMESTIC, NAVAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament met on the 1st of March, but was adjourned to the 21st, in consequence of a message from the Prince Regent, probably owing to an expectation of a decisive turn of affairs in France during the interval.

A separation has taken place between the Princess Royal of England and her consort, the King of Wirtemberg; and her Royal Highness will in consequence return to her native country, accompanied by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, who, for that purpose, has already departed for the Continent.

The Gazettes of this month have added three French frigates to the list of the British navy, viz. L'Alcmene, L'Iphigenie, and La Clorinde. The Venerable, 74, took L'Alcmene in the latitude of Madeira, on the 16th of January, by boarding her; and the same ship, after a few days chace, came up with the Alcmene's companion, L'Iphigenie, and compelled her to strike on the 20th of January.

The Clorinde was taken on the 25th of February by the Eurotas frigate, after a long and murderous contest, in which the French captain was killed, and the British commander, Captain Phillimore, severely wounded.

The city of Dantzic has been re-annexed to the Prussian monarchy.

The Petersburg Court Gazette contains the treaty of peace between Persia and Russia, the substance of which is, that Persia cedes to Russia the governments of Karabag, Ganschin-Schekin, Schirwan, Derbent, Kubin, Baku, Talischin, and the whole of Daghestan. Persia renounces, besides, all its claims to Georgia, with the province of Schuragel; upon Imeretta, Guria, Mingrelia, and Abchaise; and gives up to Russia the perpetual sovereignty over those countries, as also the sovereignty over the Caspian sea, which in future no other than Russian vessels of war are to navigate.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of February to the 15th of March, 1814.

Acute Diseases. — Catarrh, 8..... Fever, 3.... Sore-throat, 4....Peripneumony, 2...Acute Rheumatism, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 12.

Chronic Diseases. — Diseases of the lungs, including coughs, 40... Asthenia, 8...Chronic rheumatism, 10...Head-ach and vertigo, 3..Palsy, 2...Lumbago, 2...Epilepsy, 1...Dyspepsia, 4....Enterodynia, 3....Gastrodynia, 2...Diarrhœa, 1...Dropsy, 2..Dysure, 2..Female complaints, 6.

The severity of the season continues unabated. If there is occasionally a variation in intensity, the alteration is in the degree of unpleasantness; it is not a change from bad to better, from disagreeble to tolerable, but a variety of rough weather, distressing to all conditions of people, and inducing in many fatal disorders.

Besides the usual train of coughs and affections of the respiratory organs, influenced by the season, several of the cases have been rendered more dangerous by the occurrence of hœmoptoe; a symptom always alarming, and to be dreaded in proportion to the extent of the hœmorrhage. Where the lungs, however, are not actually diseased, the ruptured vessel may heal, and the patient recover perfect health. In such cases the use of fox-glove (*digitalis purp.*) has more than once been insisted upon in these reports; though styled by many a deleterious drug, and deprecated by those who may not have sufficiently understood its qualities, it still maintains its ground as one of the most valuable articles in *materia medica*.

Catarrh is declining, but in some instances has been accompanied by symptoms which do not ordinarily belong to it, such as sore-throat and a typhoid character. But this has chiefly occurred in patients who have long struggled with a cold, and neglected to use suitable precaution. Hooping-cough is prevalent, and, as might be apprehended, in most instances severe. Measles are very rare. The alarm excited by a northern physician, that measles are more fatal in children who have been vaccinated, is altogether groundless; it is not the case at least in London; and if the measles in Glasgow assumed, during a particular period, a worse character than in other places, it by no means

follows, that vaccination had any thing to do with the effect: it has not been observed in other large towns; and it is by no means unusual for epidemics to be more severe and fatal at one season than at another, without our being able to assign an adequate or entire cause. Let us be wise, but not presumptuous.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The frosty nights and cloudy days, through nearly the whole of last month, have impeded the spring sowing to a degree beyond recollection. — On the 20th of March there was more sun than through the whole of the preceding part of the month. This dark weather may have had the best effect in preserving the young wheats from injury, as they were covered with a thin coat of snow, which one day's March sun would have dissolved. Its effect upon the turnips, and all the brassica tribe, has been most destructive, as there is scarcely a green leaf to be seen, even in the most sheltered situations. The flag of the wheat plant is much affected in its colour, but the root is not injured.

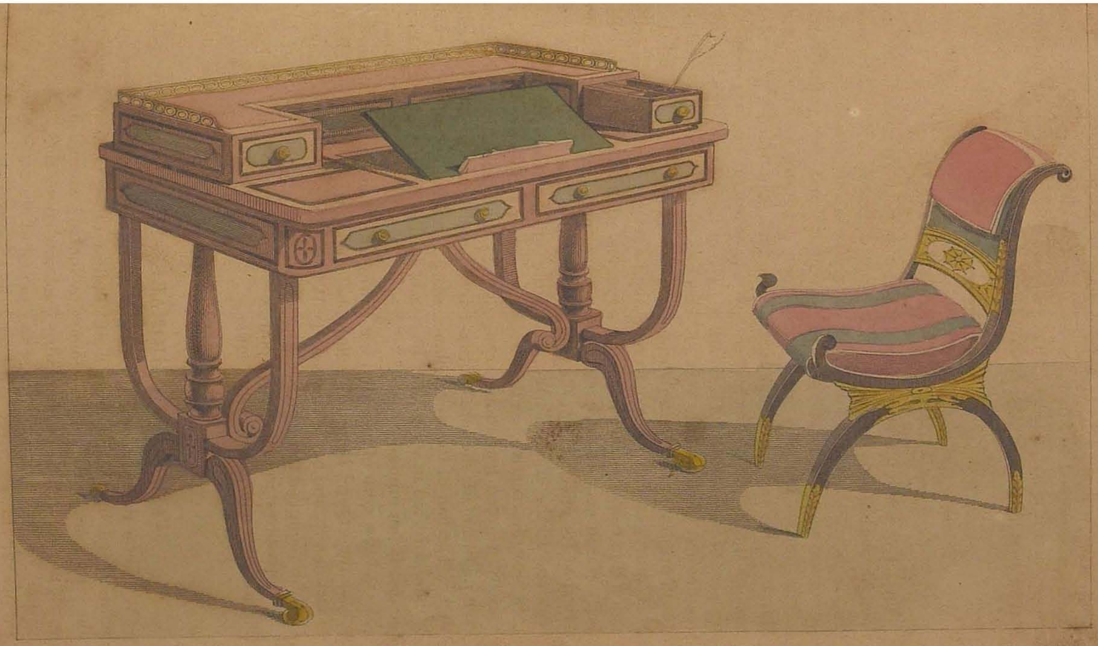
Very little corn of any kind was put in the ground before the 20th of last month, and but a very small breadth ploughed to receive it.

The pastures and meadows upon the warmest and most fertile soils are still clothed with their russet winter covering. The grass plants have not made a visible effort to produce that beautiful verdure which decorates an English mead. The bud, the store-house of the young wheat, is not opened.

Upon the whole, the spring is backwarder than might have been expected, although preceded by such a severe winter. The soiling species, upon the warm soils, have a corresponding appearance with those upon the cold; both have alike suffered from the severity of the winter. The ever-greens, the laurels, and laurustinus, have suffered more than in any preceding season in recollection. The Scotch and spruce firs have their branches bent and broken more from the pressure of the snow than has been before noticed in this climate. What effect it has had upon the fruit-bearing trees, remains to be observed next autumn.

PLATE 23.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

We know that a people become enlightened by the cultivation of the arts, and that they become great in the progress of that cultivation. That a just knowledge of the useful and a correct taste for the ornamental go hand in hand with this general improvement, the dullest observer may be satisfied by looking around him. We now acknowledge, that it is alone the pencil of the artist which can trace the universal hieroglyphic; understood alike by all, his enthusiasm



CARLTON HOUSE TABLE, & CHAIR.

communicates itself to all alike, and prepares the mind for cultivation. A national improvement is thus produced by the arts, and the arts are supported in their respectability by the calls which the improving public taste makes for their assistance; they are inseparable in their progress, and mutually depend on each other for support. In the construction of the domestic furniture of our dwellings we see and feel the benefit of all this. To the credit of our higher classes who encourage, and of our manufacturing artists who produce, we now universally quit the overcharged magnificence of former ages, and seek the purer models of simplicity and tasteful ornament in every article of daily call.

The table and chair which are the subject of the present engraving, are peculiarly of the description of improvement of which we are speaking. They exhibit a judicious combination of elegance and usefulness, do great credit to the artists who designed and executed them, and highly merit the patronage afforded them. They are from the ware-rooms of Messrs. Morgan and Sanders, of Catherine-street, Strand. They take the name of Carlton-House Table and Chair, as we presume, from having been first made for the august personage whose correct taste has so classically embellished that beautiful palace.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

THE following stratagem was employed by the King of Prussia, to draw the Marquis d'Argens back to Potsdam, in 1766. He had given him permission to go and make a visit in Provence, his native country, when, fearing that the bright sun by which that delicious spot is warmed, would have powerful attractions for the chamberlain, who was one of the most chilly of men, that he would grow accustomed to it, and not like to return, he was resolved to find the means of preventing his farther stay. He accordingly sent the marquis's valet-de-chambre several copies of a printed document, purporting to be an injunction from the Archbishop of Aix, against the marquis's writings, ordering the valet-de-chambre to put one of these upon his master's chimney. The artifice succeeded; the marquis, alarmed, packed up his things immediately, and set out, without losing a moment of time, for Potsdam, not confiding to any one the motive for his hasty departure, and changing his name in travelling through France. At every place where they stopped for the night, the valet took care to give one of the injunctions to the innkeeper, with orders to him to give it to the marquis casually as one of the productions of the day. This made the marquis increase his haste to a country where indeed the sun is not so bright as in Provence, but where he had no fear of the archbishop and his injunctions.

VOLTAIRE.

An Englishman, who was about to cross the Alps, having stopped at Ferney, to see M. de Voltaire, in taking leave of him, asked if he had any commands for Italy. The patriarch requested him by all means to bring the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. The Englishman, when he arrived at Rome, talked of this commission in several companies, till at length it reached the ears of the Pope. When the Englishman had an audience of his holiness, after some other conversation, the latter asked him whether he was not charged with some commission? The traveller, understanding from this question, that the Pope knew the story, smiled; upon which his holiness said, "I beg you to let M. de Voltaire know, that the Inquisition has for a long time had neither eyes nor ears."

JOSEPH II.

One day, when the Emperor Joseph II. was walking in the Prater, as he often did alone, without any suite, he met a young woman whom he did not know, and who seemed in great affliction. —She was lamenting her fate very bitterly, without suspecting by whom she was overheard. Joseph approached her, and enquired into the cause of her lamentations. The young woman, perceiving a person unknown to her, who seemed to take an interest in her sorrows, related to him, with much simplicity, that her father, an officer in I know not what regiment, having been killed in the service of the Empress-Queen, her mother having no one to protect her, or take any interest in her behalf, had fallen into great distress; and this had been considerably increased by the late scarcity. She added, that having been supported principally by the work of their own hands, this resource was now about to fail, since the hardness of the times daily diminished the number of those by whom their works could be purchased, so that she was fearful they might soon be reduced to the utmost misery. The emperor enquired whether they had ever received any assistance from the government? She answered, *None.* He then enquired why her mother had never thought of soliciting the emperor for relief, as he was so easy of access? "They say he is avaricious," she replied, "and we therefore thought such a step would be useless." The monarch profited by the lesson thus innocently given him; he gave the young woman some ducats and a ring, telling her, that he had the honour of being in the emperor's service, and would endeavour to recommend her to his majesty. He then appointed a day and hour, on which he desired her to come with her mother, to the emperor's apartments, as he should be on duty that day, and he hoped he might be able to bring her some good news. He added, that she need only present the ring he had given her, and she would then be admitted into the emperor's private apartment; where, he concluded, "you will find me." The young woman thought she had been talking with a tutelary angel; nor was she mistaken; and hastening home immediately, imparted the fortunate adventure she had met with to

her mother. The emperor, in the mean time, made enquiries into the truth of the young woman's story, and finding it confirmed, he waited for the moment he had appointed to receive her in his private apartment. She did not fail to come with her mother, in hopes of finding her benefactor, and returning him the ring: she, indeed, knew him again the moment she saw him, but at the same time she perceived, by the respect paid him, that it was the emperor himself. She then called to mind what she had said on the subject of his avarice, and turned pale with apprehension. His Imperial Majesty bade her not be alarmed, and then informing the mother that he had settled a pension upon her from the army funds, he turned to the daughter, and said, "Another time I hope you will not despair of a heart that is just;" words worthy of being enrolled in the archives of humanity.

CHINESE VICTORIES.

The Emperor of China sent to Louis XV. sixteen sketches made by the Jesuit missionaries, that they might be engraved by the best French engravers. The engraving them cost more than a hundred thousand French crowns. These sketches represent the principal ceremonies of the court of Pekin, and different victories gained by the emperor. A very singular part of the story in all the battles, is, that in not one of them a single Chinese is killed! no, nor even wounded! Nothing was inculcated more strongly upon the persons who made the sketches, than a particular attention to this very extraordinary circumstance.—Is not this exactly the fable of the Lion and the Carver?—*If we lions were the artists!*

MARSHAL CATINAT.

At the time when the French Marshal Catinat commanded in Italy, a young officer, full of presumption, and impressed with a high idea of his own courage, came and requested, with great eagerness, the honour of being permitted to serve under him. Catinat, on the faith of a physiognomy which pleased him much, accepted the young man's services, and promised him employment. A few days after, he sent him, at the head of a small detachment, to execute some orders. He was attacked: scarcely had the action commenced, when he was wholly bewildered; he lost his self-possession entirely, and fled. His misconduct passed in the presence of too many witnesses to remain concealed; all the details of it were known to the marshal, and he alone did not consider it with severity. He immediately himself presented the young man to the officers of the company, and said, "Gentlemen, I entreat of you to do more justice to your comrade. I wished to put his obedience to the test; what he has done, was by my orders." After loading him with caresses in public, he spoke to him in private, representing how much his confidence would be betrayed, if he did not justify it immediately in some very distinguished manner. The young man fell on his knees, acknowledging, that he owed him much more than his life, and assuring him, that he had the most ardent desire to repair his fault. An opportunity was given him the same day; he dis-

tinguished himself exceedingly in a very perilous action, and was, from that moment, one of the bravest officers in the army. Few instances could be cited of greater forbearance and presence of mind; few examples more striking of that talent so rare and so sublime, of elevating minds of an ordinary cast above themselves; or, at least, of restoring to a mind suffering under a temporary depression, all the energy of which peculiar circumstances had deprived it.

LA HARPE AND DORAT.

Among the traits of generosity which do honour to letters, and to those by whom they are cultivated, may be cited the conduct of M. de la Harpe towards M. Dorat. Having received a letter, signed *A Capuchin*, in which he was requested to meet the writer in one of the most remote corners of Paris; M. de la Harpe, whose prudence was distrustful even of such a character, did not think proper to return any answer. In consequence he soon after received a second letter, infinitely more pressing, and couched in terms which he thought obviated every reason for apprehension upon the subject; he therefore determined to comply with the wishes of the writer. The monk did not fail to make himself known to the academician by signs that he had indicated; and having led him to a place where they were perfectly private, he told him, that he had been formerly secretary to M. Dorat, from whom he had experienced a great deal of injustice, but that he had in his hands the means of taking ample vengeance on him. "I have addressed myself to you," he added, "not knowing of any one more capable of seconding my views, or more interested in doing so." He then drew from his sleeve a large parcel of manuscripts; among which were many gross satires against the Academy, particularly against M. de la Harpe, and a correspondence with a married woman, which he said might be made the foundation of a very spirited and scandalous novel, such as would ruin M. Dorat's reputation entirely. All these manuscripts, he said, it was his intention to sell to a bookseller, with the reserve of some letters which he should find the means of remitting to the husband of the lady. M. de la Harpe could not forbear evincing to the monk the horror he felt at the idea of so much perfidy; and after urging, in the most forcible manner, every possible motive that suggested itself to make him abandon his purpose, quitted him. When he returned home, however, he thought he had not done enough; that he had resigned himself entirely to the first emotions of his sensibility, and that his duty demanded something more. He had observed, that the want of money seemed to be one of the leading motives which swayed the monk; and wrote to him to say, that having reflected farther on what he mentioned, he wished he would let him examine the papers in question, for he thought he could make use of them in a manner which would be more profitable and less hazardous. The artifice succeeded, and in the course of the day M. de la Harpe received the parcel, carefully sealed up. He immediately sent it, as he received it, to M. Dorat, mention-

WALKING DRESS.

MORNING DRESS.

ing by what means it had come into his hands, and desiring no other proof of his gratitude, than a solemn promise, not to proceed in any way against the wretch by whom the papers had been entrusted to him. All literary hatred vanished at once before a procedure so generous. M. Dorat hastened to embrace the man whom he had treated so ill in Freron's *Journal;* and from that time M. de la Harpe always endeavoured to give his opinions of M. Dorat and his works in far milder language.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 24.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A FINE cambric round robe, with high bodice and long sleeves, not so full as of late; embroidered stomacher front and high collar, trimmed with muslin or lace; a Tuscan border of needle-work at the feet. A Cossack mantle of pale ruby, or blossom-coloured velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed entirely round with a broad skin of light sable, ermine, seal, or the American squirrel; a short tippet of the same: the mantle confined at the throat with a rich correspondent silk cord and tassels, very long. A mountain hat of velvet, the colour of the mantle, finished round the verge with a narrow vandyke trimming: a small flower placed in the hair beneath, on the left side. Half-boots the colour of the mantle; and gloves of primrose kid or pale tan.

PLATE 25.—MORNING DRESS.

A petticoat and bodice of fine jaconot muslin, finished round the bottom in vandykes and small buttons. The Rochelle spencer composed of the same material, appliqued with footing lace down the sleeve, and trimmed at each edge with a narrow, but full border of muslin. Double fan frill of muslin round the neck, very full, continuing round the bottom of the waist, where it is gathered on a beading of needle-work. Bourdeaux mob cap, composed of lace, with treble full borders, narrowed under the chin. A small flower placed backward, on the left side. Hair much divided in front, and in full waved curls on each side. Necklace of twisted gold and pearl, with pendent cross in the centre. Spring Greek kid slippers; and gloves of the same.

The beautiful cloak given in our last Number, as well as both the dresses in this, are from Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, to whose taste and invention this work as well as the world of fashion, are under such continued obligations.

Poetry.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

True—I may bend at Beauty's shrine,
And praise the charms unknown to thee;
But then, my thoughts return to thine,
For thou art Beauty's self to me.

Those eyes of thine so black, so beaming,
Attract the gazer given to rove;
Secure the faith at first but seeming,
And glance at once the light of love.

Wilt thou not sooth the breast, thy mind,
Thy face, thy form have taught to feel?
Do let that laughing lip be kind,
And with a kiss its sweetness seal!

But still thy heart retains its rest,
That lip will ne'er be prest to mine;
The coldness of thy lovely breast
Will ne'er depart, will ne'er decline.

And yet I love!—sad, sad it is,
To live the power of passion proving;
To see, to feel, yet fail in bliss,
Live unbelov'd, yet still be loving.

R. H. J.

SONG,

Intended for the CENTENARY of the SOCIETY of ANCIENT BRITONS, March 1, 1814,

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

RECITATIVE.

An age has pass'd!—a century has fled!
Since ye, of British brethren a firm band,
In times when Danger rear'd his threat'ning head,
Stood forth with Loyalty to cheer the land.
Not only Loyalty—Religion's flame,
With pure benevolence, divinely rose;
To be your king's best friends, your truest fame;
Your brightest boast, to heal sad Mis'ry's woes.

AIR.

'Tis your's to dry the orphan's tear,
'Tis your's to raise the child of want,
To sooth the bitter throb of fear,
And mercy's kindest boon to grant.

Ne'er conquer'd yet in war's wild hour,
The Briton still—as kind as brave—
Exults much more he has the pow'r
To comfort sorrow and to save.

Saint David, who fair Cambria blest
With every good, with pious joy,
He bade the lonely wand'rer rest,
Sweet charity his dear employ.

Be your's the envied office now,
To emulate so great a name;
Unbounded let your bounty flow,
Oh! heed Affliction's pensive claim!

And when another age has fled,
May Ancient Britons then be found,
To raise of want the drooping head,
To spread soft happiness around!

May Britain then, as now, be known,
The spot where wealth and freedom smile!
May Brunswick's princes fill the throne,
And bless with patriot sway our isle!

STANZAS,

Addressed by an Old Husband to his Old Wife on her Birth-Day.

Yes! I greet, my dear wife, the return of this day,
Though to silence is stricken the sound of my lyre,
And ill health has extinguished the genial ray
Which once kindled a spark of poetical fire.

Still in doggerel rhyme let me utter a prayer,
And the wish I express is most piously true—
That the remnant of life we together may share,
And that I may not sink unsupported by you.

While the winds of the tempest tremendously blow,
And the deep thunder rolls, and the lightning is hurl'd;
That, by mutual succour upheld, we may show,
How securely we buffet the waves of the world:

And whene'er our old bark must go down
in the main,
And the last bitter pangs of the ship-
wreck are o'er;
That the tide, which has ebb'd, and is
flowing again,
May restore us to life on a happier
shore!

P. O. S.

LINES,

On the brave and noble Conduct of Lieutenant CHESNEY, of the Royal Artillery, who, at the risk of his Life, saved several Fishermen on the Coast of Ireland.

The sea was calm, the sky serene,
Not a portentous cloud was seen;—
E'en Zephyr, from his downy wing,
Was doom'd no gentle breeze to fling;
When Industry, with joyful face,
Anxious to lure the finny race,
Prepares the hook, directs the sweep,
And boldly launches to the deep.

Delusion sad! the sleeping wave,
By furies rous'd, begins to rave;
And, dreadful in his lurid form,
Appears the demon of the storm!
Thick clouds obscure the face of day,
Save where the vivid lightnings play;
The little barks, by mountains toss'd,
Sink, re-appear, again are lost!

Hope! brightest daughter of the skies,
On thee each anxious heart relies!
But vain! the howling storms efface
The lovely features of thy face.
In lieu of thee, Distress, and Fear,
And Death on every side appear;
Is there no heart with pity warm,
To rescue from the whelming storm?

Yes, CHESNEY hastes, the prompt, the
brave!
And fearless rushes to the wave;
Nurs'd in the school where heroes glow,
Let all the winds tempestuous blow,
His noble breast, his zealous pride,
Buffet the roaring surge aside,
And many a father, many a son,
Already from the grave are won!

Yes, glorious youth! tho' martial Fame,
With sounding trump, extend thy name;
Tho' Glory in the tented field
To thee her greenest laurels yield,
This act, on Feeling's humid shrine,
Ever pre-eminent shall shine;
And thou shalt gain the brightest meed
By sweet Humanity decreed.

***** For this distinguished exertion of bravery and humanity, the Humane Society presented a medal to Lieutenant C.**

A DIRGE,

To the Memory of Capt. CHAS. W. THOMPSON, First Regiment of Guards, who fell in the action off Bidast, on the 12th Dec. 1813.

By Mrs. OPIE.

Weep not, he died as heroes die,
The death permitted to the brave!
Mourn not, he lies where soldiers lie,
And Valour envies such a grave!

His was the love of bold emprize,
Of soldiers' hardships, soldiers' fame;
And his the wish by arms to rise,
And gain a proud, a deathless name.

For this he burn'd the midnight oil,
And por'd on lofty deeds untir'd,
Resolv'd like Valour's sons to toil,
And be the hero he admir'd.

Yet gentler arts, yet softer lore,
Could lure him to their tuneful page,
And Dante's dread-inspiring power,
And Petrarch's love his soul engage.

How sweetly from his accents flow'd
The Tuscan poet's magic strains!
But vainly Heav'n such powers bestow'd;
He fought, he bled, on Gallia's plains!

No mother's kiss, no sister's tear
Embalm'd the victim's fatal wound;
No father pray'd beside his bier,
No brother clasp'd his arms around!

Amidst the cannons' loud alarms
He fell, as soldiers still must fall;
His bier his toil-worn comrades' arms,
And earth's green turf his funeral pall.

But who is he in arms array'd,
That bids the verdant turf unclose?
Who dares that dread obscure invade?
Who breaks the soldier's chill repose*?

A heart he priz'd, a hand he lov'd—
The daring deed excuse, impel—
His brother comes, by fondness mov'd,
To look a brother's last farewell!

And, lo! to meet his sparkling eye,
That silent eye's reveal'd to light,
And hallow'd by his bursting sigh
The earth that hid it from the sight.

See from his breast, his hand removes
The treasur'd gem he joy'd to wear—
The holy theft affection loves,
And feeling holds the spoiler dear.

'Tis done—his long, last look he takes,
And bids the turf for ever close,
His brother's grave he then forsakes—
To meet, like him, his country's foes.

But may that Power whose high behest
Decreed the one an early grave,
Still guard the other's valiant breast,
And him for anxious kindred save!

Yet why lament? to daring souls
Such patriot deaths of choice belong—
That thought regret's keen pang controuls,
And thus we frame our votive song:—

"Weep not, he died as heroes die,
The death permitted to the brave—
Mourn not, he lies where soldiers lie,
And valour envies such a grave!"

* A true incident.

EPITAPH FOR CHATTERTON.

Written by Greenwood*.

Here rests, who living never tasted rest,
And died unpitied, as he liv'd unblest.
From Life's plain path by genius led astray,
He wander'd pensive till he lost his way;
But early found the gay delusion cease,
Sunk weary to the grave, and slept in peace.
If some soft eye should shed a gen'rous tear,
Or some kind hand strew flowers upon his bier,
Oh! choose those flowers that best his fate display,
That *early bloom* and *unperceived decay*;
Blossoms that fall before their fruit is born,
The rose that withers on its parent thorn,
Narcissus pale, that peeping from its bed,
Beholds a low'ring sky, and drops its head;
The snow-drop rash, that sudden frosts invade,
The slighted violet breathing in the shade;
Each plant to mourning sacred, solemn yew,
And sorrow's chosen emblem, bitter rue;
Strew these around, and mindful of his lays,
Grant him ('tis much his due) one sprig of bays.
But fly, ye sons of wealth! whose sordid souls,
No faith, no promise, no remorse controuls,
Who deaf to justice, deaf to honour's voice,
Accept a service, but refuse the price;
False friends, false patrons, all the lowest train,
By whom unhappy genius blooms in vain!
Dull critics much by learned dust bespread,
Irreverend spoilers of the sacred dead;
Priests scant of goodness, but replete with grace,
That in implicit faith all virtue place:
Fly! fly! no more his hallow'd rest invade,
Or dread the presence of his injured shade.

* Greenwood was employed as a chemist at the works of Messrs. Henshall and Williamson, at Longport, in the Potteries, Staffordshire.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Feb. 28 to Mar. 5.

Total, 7,553 quarters.—Average, 74s. 1d per quarter, or 2s $0\frac{1}{4}$d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Mar. 5 to 11.

Total, 26,629 sacks.—Average, 69s. $2\frac{3}{4}$d. per sack, or 0s. 2d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Mar. 12.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	76	6	Barley	39	4	Beans	48	9
Rye -	48	4	Oats -	26	5	Pease	53	11

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	66	88	—
——red - -	58	84	—
——foreign	56	80	—
Rye - - -	36	42	—
Barley, English	35	45	—
Malt - - -	60	84	—
Oats Feed -	20	29	—
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	20	36	—
——Potatoe	30	38	—
Beans, Pigeon	48	52	—
——Horse -	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	54	72	—
——Grey -	44	52	—
Flour per sack	75	—	—
——Seconds	60	65	—
——Scotch	56	63	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel -	8	11	—
Turnip - - -	15	20	—
Mustard, brown -	16	26	—
——— white	12	21	—
Canary, per qr.	180	200	—
Hempseed -	65	76	—
Linseed - -	85	126	—
Clover, red, per cwt.	65	95	—
——— white	90	130	—
——— foreign, red	70	100	—
——— white	92	130	—
Trefoil - -	12	32	—
Carraway -	95	100	—
Coriander -	20	30	—

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £42 a £48 a £50.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £17. 0s to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	128	a	135
——— good	120	a	127
——— ordinary	116	a	119
East India, white	131	a	140
——— yellow	121	a	130
——— brown	116	a	120

Molasses 63s. 0d. a —s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	186	a	226
Hambro' ditto	178	a	190
Powder ditto	176	a	186
Single ditto	168	a	178
Canary Lumps	166	a	174
Large ditto	161	a	166
Bastards, whole	110	a	114
——— faces	112	a	120
——— middles	106	a	112
——— tips -	100	a	106

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
——— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0

Spices and Pepper, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	0
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	6
——— black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	6

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 93s. 1d.

Raw sugars are not lower this month, but the market is as dull as possible. Refined goods are rather more in demand.

HOPS in the Borough.

Bags	£	s		£	s	Pockets	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	15	a	9	9	Kent - -	6	6	a	11	11
Sussex - -	5	10	a	8	15	Sussex - -	6	0	a	10	10
Esssex - -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham -	13	0	a	16	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

Mar.		Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Pea[s] s	
Newcastle	12	64	a	76	36	a	42	22	a	30	—	a	—	—	a
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Lewes	19	80	a	84	38	a	42	26	a	28	42	a	48	46	a
Chesterfield	12	72	a	93	40	a	47	26	a	33	53	a	64	48	a
Ashborne	12	84	a	92	44	a	48	28	a	36	60	a	74	—	a
Guildford	19	—	a	—	40	a	44	28	a	33	46	a	56	50	a
Gainsboro'	15	73	a	78	39	a	43	21	a	27	47	a	59	—	a
Louth	16	66	a	71	34	a	38	22	a	24	41	a	43	—	a
Huntingdon	12	64	a	80	32	a	39	21	a	26	35	a	40	—	a
Newark	10	72	a	80	40	a	46	24	a	36	44	a	50	—	a
Spilsby	14	58	a	68	31	a	39	19	a	25	41	a	40	—	a
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Devizes	17	68	a	88	34	a	42	25	a	30	42	a	50	—	a
Reading	19	70	a	98	33	a	39	23	a	30	41	a	49	54	a
Swansea	16	76	a	—	34	a	—	22	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Henley	17	60	a	95	30	a	40	20	a	34	40	a	40	40	a
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Salisbury	15	72	a	84	33	a	38	22	a	29	46	a	56	48	a
Penrith	15	81	a	—	43	a	—	27	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Basingstoke	16	64	a	91	33	a	41	24	a	30	42	a	50	—	a
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Warminster	19	74	a	84	35	a	40	25	a	30	48	a	54	50	a 7

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
——— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
——— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14
——— Irish -	0	0	a	0
——— Scotch	0	0	a	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1814. FEB.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	N E 2	30,10	30,00	30,050	36,0°	26,0°	31,00°	cloudy	—	
2	N E 2	30,26	30,10	30,180	41,0	30,0	35,50	cloudy	—	
3	N E 1	30,26	30,20	30,230	34,0	23,0	28,50	fine	—	
○ 4	Var. 1	30,30	30,26	30,280	34,0	22,0	28,00	fine	—	
5	S W 3	30,26	29,82	30,040	41,0	30,0	35,50	cloudy	—	—
6	W 3	29,82	29,35	29,585	44,0	36,0	40,00	rainy	.280	—
7	W 3	29,60	29,35	29,475	38,0	32,0	35,00	cloudy	—	—
8	W 3	29,35	29,03	29,190	46,0	34,0	40,00	rainy	—	—
9	W 2	29,80	29,55	29,675	48,0	38,0	43,00	cloudy	—	
10	S W 1	29,95	29,80	29,875	48,0	40,0	44,00	cloudy	—	
11	S 1	29,95	29,93	29,940	49,0	43,0	46,00	cloudy	—	
☽ 12	S 1	30,05	29,95	30,000	50,0	43,0	46,50	cloudy	—	
13	S W 2	30,05	29,97	30,010	47,0	38,0	42,50	cloudy	.194	—
14	N W 2	30,32	29,97	30,145	43,0	30,0	36,50	cloudy	—	1,140
15	N E 2	30,40	30,32	30,360	37,0	29,0	33,00	cloudy	—	
16	E 2	30,62	30,32	30,170	44,0	32,0	38,00	cloudy	—	
17	E 2	30,76	30,64	30,700	38,0	33,0	35,50	fine	—	
18	S 1	30,76	30,57	30,665	39,0	34,0	36,50	gloomy	—	
19	N W 1	30,65	30,57	30,610	43,0	33,0	38,00	gloomy	—	
● 20	S W 1	30,65	30,63	30,640	40,0	32,0	36,00	fine	—	
21	S E 1	30,63	30,52	30,575	40,0	26,0	33,00	fine	—	
22	S W 1	30,52	30,52	30,520	42,0	26,0	34,00	fine	—	
23	S E 2	30,53	30,34	30,435	39,0	28,0	33,50	fine	—	
24	S E 2	30,38	30,34	30,360	36,0	24,0	30,00	fine	—	
25	S E 2	30,32	30,24	30,280	36,0	29,0	32,50	fine	—	
26	S E 2	30,35	30,24	30,295	39,0	27,0	33,00	brilliant	—	
☾ 27	S W 2	30,35	30,00	30,175	40,0	23,0	31,50	variable	—	
28	S W 1	30,00	29,66	29,830	48,0	32,0	40,00	gloomy	.626	.095
			Mean	30,163		Mean	36,30		1,100	1,235

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 30.163—maximum, 30.76, wind E. 2.—Minimum, 29,03, wind W. 3.—Range, 1,73 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .47 inch, which was on the 5th.

Mean temperature, 36°.3.—Maximum, 50°, wind S. 1.—Min. 22°, wind var. 1. Range 28.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 27th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 4,80 inches.—Number of changes, 6.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 1,100 inch.

Rain, &c this month, 1,235 inch.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	4	2	5	3	7	4	2	1	0

Brisk winds 4—Boisterous ones 0.

Notes.—2d Fine day, with high barometer—starry evening.—5th. Thaw to-day, with snow, sleet, and rain; maximum temperature at bed-time.—6th. Much rain to-day, with a high W. wind.—7th. Frequent showers of hail and snow, P. M. which were soon melted, in consequence of rain that fell in the evening.—8th. This was a completely rainy day; during the afternoon the barometer shewed its monthly minimum.—16th and 17th Much hoar frost in the mornings.—27th. A general thaw indicated by a change of wind from S. E. to S. W. a gently falling barometer, and quick increase of temperature—at bed time a small lunar halo.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814 FEB.	Wind.	Pressure. Max	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	N W	30,07	29,96	30,015	37°	30°	33,5°	cloudy	—	—
2	N W	30,08	30,07	30,075	39	25	32,0	fine	—	
3	N W	30,07	30,05	30,060	34	19	26,5	fine	—	
○ 4	Var.	30,19	30,15	30,170	33	27	30,0	fine	—	
5	S W	30,15	29,79	29,970	41	34	37,5	snowy	—	—
6	W	29,70	29,68	29,690	44	30	37,0	cloudy	—	—
7	N W	29,76	29,65	29,705	42	38	40,0	cloudy	—	—
8	W	29,77	29,65	29,710	48	38	43,0	cloudy	—	—
9	W	30,00	29,77	29,885	46	40	43,0	cloudy	—	—
10	S W	30,06	30,05	30,055	49	42	45,5	cloudy	—	
11	S	30,00	29,98	29,990	53	36	44,5	fine	—	—
☽ 12	N E	29,99	29,98	29,985	48	39	43,5	cloudy	—	
13	S W	29,98	29,96	29,970	47	37	42,0	cloudy	—	
14	S E	30,09	29,98	30,035	42	31	36,5	fine	—	—
15	N	30,15	30,09	30,120	40	30	35,0	fine	—	
16	N E	30,37	30,15	30,260	41	29	35,0	fine	.55	
17	N E	30,40	30,37	30,385	33	23	28,0	fine	—	
18	N W	30,37	30,18	30,275	39	30	34,5	cloudy	—	.27
19	N W	30,38	30,18	30,280	40	22	31,0	fine	—	
● 20	N E	30,39	30,34	30,365	35	20	27,5	fine	—	
21	S E	30,34	30,28	30,310	36	20	28,0	fine	—	
22	S E	30,28	30,26	30,270	42	22	32,0	fine	—	
23	S E	30,26	30,18	30,220	34	20	27,0	fine	—	
24	S E	30,19	30,18	30,185	33	15	24,0	fine	—	
25	S E	30,18	30,09	30,135	39	21	30,0	fine	—	
26	S E	30,10	30,07	30,085	37	19	28,0	fine	—	
☾ 27	S E	30,07	29,95	30,010	40	30	35,0	fine	—	
28	Var.	29,95	29,24	29,595	42	40	41,0	cloudy	.42	
			Mean	30,064		Mean	34,6	Total	.97in.	.27in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, easterly.—Mean height of barometer, 30,064 inches; highest observation, 30,40 inches; lowest, 29,24 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 34,6°.—highest observation, 53°—lowest, 15°.—Total of evaporation, .97 inch.—Total of rain and snow, .27 inch.—in another gauge, .32 inch.

Notes.—3d. Fine morning—hoar frost.—4th. Very distinct lunar halo about nine o'clock, P. M.—18th and 21st. Hoar frost.—27th. Lunar halo.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for March, 1814.

Eagle Fire and Life Assurance	£2 8s	per sh.
Hope Ditto	2 7s	do.
Globe Ditto	112½	do.
East India Dock Stock	£122	per cent.
London Ditto	107	do.
Commercial Ditto	150	do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	50	do
East London Ditto	63	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	33 5s	do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s	do.
Ashton and Oldham Canal	£82 a 85	per sh.
Birmingham Ditto	648 a 650	do.
Chelmer & Blackwater Do.	80	do.
Coventry Ditto	800	do.
Dudley Ditto	45 10s	do.
Erewash Ditto	800	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	232 a 235	do.
——— Union Ditto	79	do.
——— Western Ditto	52 10s	dis.
Kennett and Avon Canal	£20 15s	p.sh.
Ditto New Ditto	1 10s	dis.
Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	£203 a 205	p.sh
Leicester Ditto	210	do.
Nottingham Ditto	210	do.
Oxford Ditto	530	do.
Trent and Mersey Ditto	1180	do.
Beeralstone Lead & Silver Mine	54	pm.
Butspil Ditto	22 a 24	do.
Combe Martin Ditto	30 a 33	do.
Highgate Archway	15	per sh.
Strand Bridge	48	do.
London Institution	43	do.
Surry Ditto	13 10s	do.
Russell Ditto	18 18s.	do.
Drury-Lane Theatre, £500 Share	£190 a 200	do.
Gas Light & Coke Company	5 5s.	do.

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Feb. 21	263	70½ a 72¼	72½	86¼	98¾	18	26¾ *Pm.*	70½	—	—	—	—	—	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	£23. 3s.	72⅝70⅞
22	262½	70⅜ a 69¾	70⅜	85⅝	97¾	17 5/16	27⅛ *Pm.*	—	4⅛	—	—	—	—	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		70a⅝
23	—	70⅛ a ⅝	70⅝	85¼	97½	17 5/16	28 *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	199	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		70⅝a⅛
24	—	70⅜ a ¾	70¾	85¼	97½	17¼	28¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 *Pm*	4 *Pm.*		70⅜a¾
25	—	70¼ a 69½	70¼	85⅛	97¼	17¼	27¾ *Pm.*	69¼	—	—	—	—	—	6 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	Apr. 6.	71½a72
26	—	69⅜ a 70½	70½	84¾	97⅜	16¼	27½ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		70¾a2⅜
28	262	70¾ a ⅜	70⅝	84⅞	97¼	17¼	27¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	199	7 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		72⅛a1¾
Mar. 1	262	70⅜ a ⅞	70⅞	85	97¼	17 3/16	27⅞ *Pm.*	—	—	—	74	—	—	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		72⅜a1⅞
2	261½	70⅞ a ½	70¾	85¼	97¼	17 3/16	27⅞ *Pm.*	69⅜	—	—	—	70⅜	199	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72½a1⅝
3	262	70⅞ a ⅝	70⅞	86	97⅜	Shut	27¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	70½	200	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72a¼
4	262½	70⅞ a 71¼	71¼	Shut	98	—	28⅛ *Pm.*	69¾	—	97⅞	—	71	—	10 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72a½
5	Shut	71 a 70½	Shut	—	97½	—	27⅛ *Pm.*	69	4⅛	—	—	Shut	Shut	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	24. 8s.	72a1⅜
7	—	70⅜ a ⅝	71⅞	—	97⅜	17¼	26¾ *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		71⅝a¼
8	—	71 a ¼	Shut	—	98	—	27⅝ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	10 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72¼a1⅞
9	—	71 a ⅛	72¼	—	98¼	17 5/16	27⅝ *Pm.*	69¾	—	—	—	—	—	11 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		71⅞a72
10	—	71⅛ a ½	72¼	—	98¼	—	28 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72a¼
11	—	71⅜ a ⅛	72⅛	76⅞	98⅛	—	27¾ *Pm.*	69¾	—	—	75	—	—	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		71⅞a2¼
12	—	71¼ a ⅜	—	—	98⅛	—	27⅝ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72⅛a1⅞
14	—	70½ a 71	71⅞	—	98	—	27⅛ *Pm.*	—	4 1/16	—	—	70½	—	12 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		70½1⅝
15	—	70¾ a ¼	—	—	97⅞	—	26½ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 *Pm.*		71½70⅞
16	—	70⅜ a 1¼	—	—	98	—	27 *Pm*	69⅞	—	—	—	—	—	10 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		70⅞a72
17	—	71¾ a ¼	—	—	98⅛	—	27¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm*		72⅛a73
18	—	71⅝ a ¼	—	—	98	—	27⅝ *Pm.*	70¼	—	—	—	—	—	11 *Pm.*	6 *Pm*	23. 3s.	72¼71⅝
19	—	71⅛ a ⅜	72⅛	—	97⅞	—	27⅝ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		71⅞a½

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